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POSTS OF THE CORPS

San Diego

by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by Sgt. Frank Few
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

PROBABLY no other city in the United States is as well known to Marines who fought in World War II as San Diego, Calif. It was almost impossible not to hit Dago, as Marines generally referred to the city, during the war. The base, with its mile-long parade ground and Spanish-style architecture, is as familiar to Marines as chow bunks or pay call.

Even those who trained on the east coast usually wound up here before shipping out to the Pacific. The city was the main port of embarkation for the Corps during the war. Almost all the divisions, defense and replacement battalions boarded transports in San Diego harbor for duty in the Pacific.

The few who might have missed San Diego when shipping out, stood a very good chance of seeing the city when they returned. The Reclassification and Redistribution Center at the base has processed over 100,000 Pacific veterans from the time it was activated in July, 1944. Separation centers for Marines living west of the Mississippi are located here and at Camp Pendleton. As a consequence, the Marine who hasn't pulled at least one liberty in this city is as scarce as a 72-hour pass in a first sergeant's desk.

**It was almost impossible to miss the great Marine base
if you saw duty overseas during World War II**



SAN DIEGO (cont.)

Still in civilian clothes, but minus most of their hair, five new boots get the word



The quartermaster guarantees a fit. Boots receive the first of three clothing issues



Dago's 14-acre drill field resounded to the boondockers of half of the war's Marines

The place ain't what it used to be. The

Bradley's, Sherman's, Pacific Square, the Showboat, and other hot-spots have almost become bywords in the Corps. Accounts of Dago liberties have been exchanged wherever Marines have been stationed.

Today the Marine, used to a loud and rowdy wartime San Diego jammed full of free-spending war workers and servicemen, would never believe he was in the same place. Although it is still a serviceman's town, with uniforms very prevalent on the streets, the numbers have dwindled considerably. Where once there were 100,000 servicemen in the area, the figure is now less than 25,000.

Defense workers with their big pay checks are a thing of the past. At the height of production the Consolidated aircraft plant employed 55,000 people. Now only 6000 work there.

Bartenders complain that business has fallen off 20 to 40 per cent, and they estimate that one out of

three taverns will be forced to close. The Paris Inn has already felt the pinch and locked its doors. During the war, downtown Dago was like a carnival. War-weary defense and service personnel demanded plenty of night spots in an effort to "get away from it all." Normal conditions are coming back to San Diego and normal times will not support 200 bars. The lush spending era is definitely over.

Marines themselves are scarce on the streets. Boots usually get only one Sunday liberty before shipping out, and the permanent personnel keep away from the high-priced downtown section. Now that the Mexican border is open, many Dago Marines are making their liberties in Tia Juana. The general idea seems to be to get out of town.

Yet San Diego still maintains its wartime population. The special 1946 census showed 362,568 people living in the city proper. This is almost double what it was in 1940. Because of the excellent climate and

pleasant living conditions many of the war workers and servicemen have remained. Some are employed in the 300 small businesses and companies which have sprung up since VJ-Day.

The housing situation is still very bad. However, the many tourists flocking to the area, now that travel restrictions are off, find transient accommodations available. Living costs in San Diego in 1944 rose 28 per cent as compared with a 25 per cent increase for the rest of the nation.

Employment prospects are generally unfavorable and the Chamber of Commerce discourages people from coming here unless they have a definite job or steady income. While there is a shortage of skilled construction and aircraft workers, the area is overcrowded in the semi-skilled trades such as truck drivers, store clerks and sales people. Many of the unemployed are young veterans who had no previous experience before entering the service.



The wise guy in this picture is NOT Sergeant Major Ray Solomon. It's the big recruit

roars of the DI echo hollowly

One of the difficulties seems to be that many of San Diego's industries have produced only for the government. They owe their entire existence to war contracts, and lack the necessary experience in producing and marketing suitable products for general consumption.

On the brighter side of the picture is the huge tourist trade that is attracted to San Diego during each season of the year. They come in summer seeking relief from the heat, and in the winter to escape the cold. This market affords businesses catering to tourists the opportunity to realize sizeable returns on a comparatively small investment. Many discharged Marines have set up such businesses.

The fishing industry is again making advances here. During the war the Navy took over most of the small craft, and the industry nearly came to a standstill. Now there is a definite need for men with experience in the repair and maintenance of marine

engines. The waters are noted for an abundance of tuna and two-thirds of all tuna canning in the United States is done here.

Along with the changes in the city have come changes in the Marine Corps base. The old-timer who hasn't been on the post since before the war would be amazed at what happened here after Pearl Harbor. In the first place, the old main gate on Barnett Avenue has been closed and the new entrance is off Highway 101 where an underpass has been cut to the station. The next most obvious difference is the wartime camouflage which still remains on the buildings. The pre-war Marine, familiar with the cream colored archways and buildings of the old post, would find it hard to get accustomed to the ugly red and green splotches that now adorn the buildings. This was done in the first year of the war in an effort to hide the base from a probable enemy bombing attack.

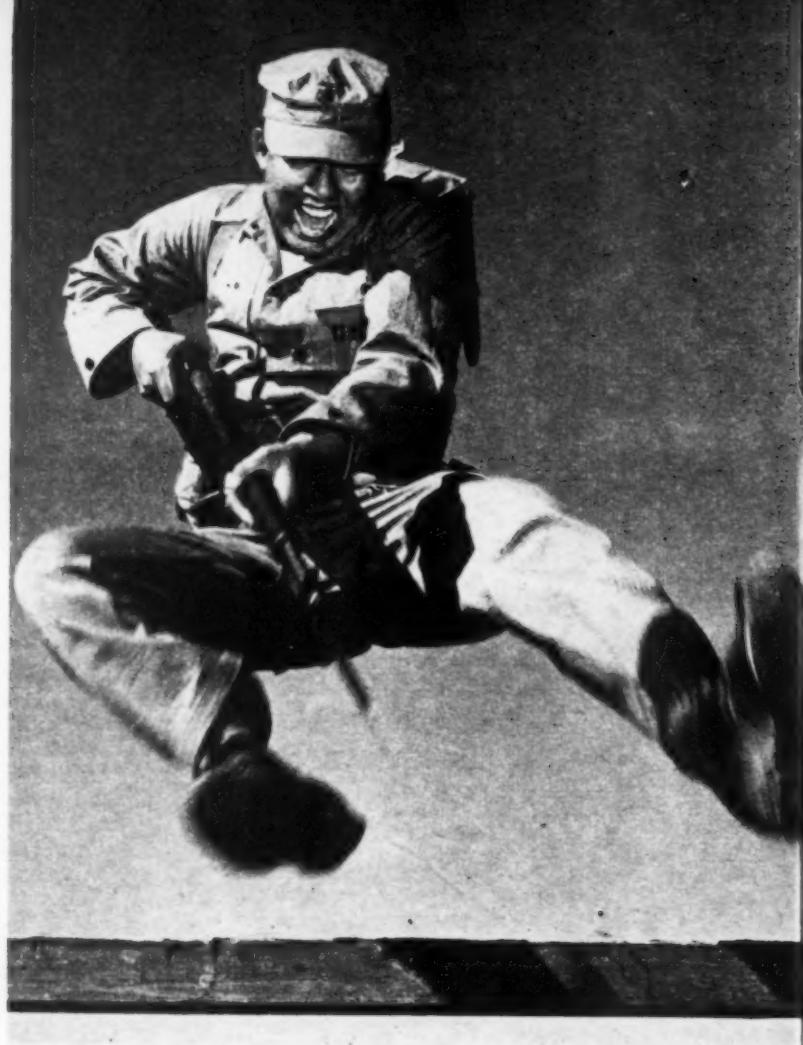


Major General Leo D. Hermle, Commanding General, Marine Corps Base, San Diego

SAN DIEGO (cont.)



Dummy grenades are used for practice but these recruits may lose their poise when they get around to throwing live ones



Grrrrr-yaowh! You are looking at the picture of a Marine making like a bayonet attack in a most terrifying manner



Recruits now receive the same type of instruction given in war-time OCS



Many new structures have been added, the most important of these being the theater and administration buildings found at opposite ends of the parade ground. Both were ready for operation in February, 1943. The theater is well equipped for stage productions, radio broadcasts and motion pictures. It seats approximately 2500 and has been called by experts "one of the finest reinforced concrete structures in the west coast area." Both constructions cost nearly \$1,000,000.

As in the past, the main function of the base today is recruit training. Here again the Marine who went through boot camp during the tension and hustle of the war years would find it difficult to recognize the place. Where once there were from 20 to 30 platoons doing their "awn, rup, ree, four" on the 14-acre parade ground, there are now only two or three.

Even the type of training itself has been changed. The wartime emphasis was on field problems and extended order drill preparatory to transfer to the FMF. Now stress is placed on the spit and polish of the "old Corps."

Today, there is no shortage of experienced personnel for assignment as drill instructors. Many platoons after Pearl Harbor were handicapped by having only one DI while on schedule. Now each platoon has three, with the senior instructor often a member of the first pay grade. There is even a supervisory NCO to see that the schedule is carried out. Most of these DI's are veterans of many years of service in the Corps who have had combat experience. Postwar Dago recruits have the benefit of training under some of the best instructors the Marine Corps has to offer.

The recruit's program is divided into three phases —tactical, technical, and weapons. Each of these sections has its own specialists who lecture the new men on their pet subject. Tactical instruction includes close order drill and squad maneuvers. Technical instruction provides lessons in first aid, field hygiene, map reading, and interior guard duty. Written examinations are held periodically during the eight-

week training period. The wartime policy of sending the boots out in the boondocks for a week of field problems has been eliminated.

As one old master sergeant remarked, "these people are now getting practically the same type of instruction that the platoon leaders class received at Quantico during the war." Particular emphasis is laid on military courtesy and discipline. When the boot finishes his training at Dago he is thoroughly indoctrinated in the whys and wherefores of the Corps.

Every Marine believes he had the roughest going over, the toughest DI's and generally the worst treatment ever suffered by a boot while in training. Recent letters in the "Sound Off" column of this magazine have carried some disparaging remarks on postwar recruit training. Not long ago a Dago DI came into his squad room fagged out after a morning session with his platoon on the parade ground. "Boy," he chuckled, "I gave those people a bad time today." He was a platoon sergeant with eight years service.

Recruit Depot now "graduates" approximately 1500 men per month. Many of these go to Camp Pendleton for further training or schooling. Almost all of the wartime schools formerly located on the base have now been discontinued. Recruits scheduled for communications school or cooks and bakers receive their lessons at Pendleton where all replacement drafts are formed.

Boots transferring to aviation duty train at Miramar or El Toro. Last September and the early part of October entire platoons were sent to these posts.

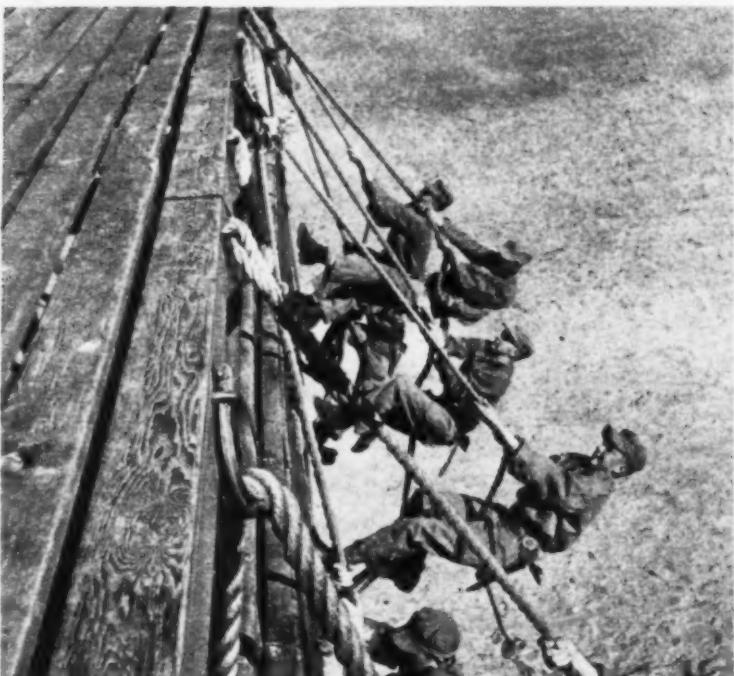
The only organization of its kind in the country, and one of the most colorful units on the base, is Sea School. The snap and smartness of these specially selected men in their close-order drill is known all over the Corps. After five weeks in this well-equipped plant, graduates are fitted for the duties of seagoing Marines aboard Uncle Sam's men-of-war. They leave with a basic knowledge of naval gunnery, guard, police, and orderly duties.



Their walking days are over for a while and the DIs vicious threats still keep the recruits doing everything on the double



Up one side, down the other and if you don't keep going the guys coming up will trample you. It's all part of the combat course.



There may be an easier way to do this, but not on the obstacle course. Some recruits swing and sway, unable to go up or down



This part of the combat course looks easy, and it isn't too rugged if you are counting on skinned knees and barked shins



Bayonet scrimmage and the combat course in the hot Dago sun make this a welcome pause



While two dope-offs do the rifle exercise, the platoon has a field day in the barracks



One thing about boot camp, if the swabs are no good you always have toothbrushes



Look, a DI smiling! Technical Sergeant E. W. Brannon softens up at the happy prospects



A photographic composition in the band room. Technical Sergeant W. Rankin has the baton

The first four weeks are devoted to classroom lectures on naval history, traditions, types of ships, and other related subjects. Lectures are broken up with practice on 20- and 40-mm. guns, and the five-inch dual purpose. Under the watchful eyes of instructors, with several years of seagoing experience behind them, daily close order drills are conducted. A few special flourishes are added to the regulation drill. Good posture, military bearing, and neatness are particularly emphasized.

Although most of the students come from Recruit Depot, a few veterans desiring sea duty train here. Sometimes small drafts are sent from Parris Island. The number one theme pounded home to these men is getting along with the Navy. "You're going to live with sailors for the next two years," their instructors point out. "Get that chip off your shoulder!"

Practical experience is obtained the last week when the recruits board the training ship *Oakland* for a cruise to San Clemente Island where firing problems are held. There they have a chance to apply all the knowledge they picked up in the classroom as a final test for prospective salt water soldiering.

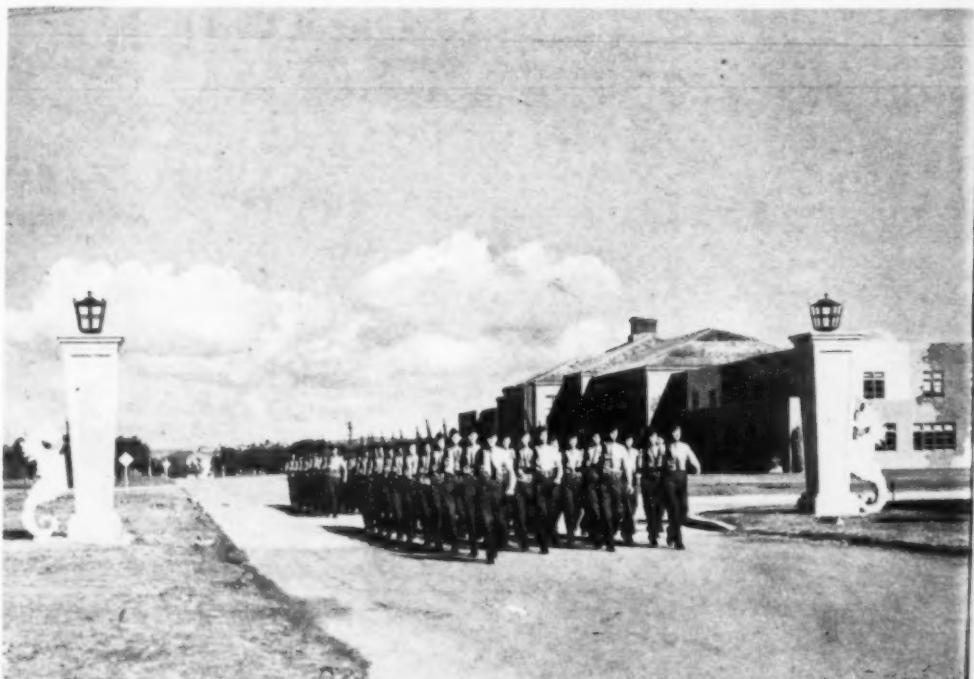
Gunnery and administration make up the bulk of the courses, for officers without previous experience aboard the fighting ships of the Navy must be schooled here before taking command of ships' detachment. The administration of a seagoing detachment is a big job. For, in reality, the detachment is a small post. Almost every problem coming before



You learn how
to win friends

and influence sailors at the
camp's classes in sea school

A unit from sea school swings through barracks gates on which are listed Marines' sea battles



Destined for Uncle Sam's men-of-war, sea school students learn the 20-mm. gun parts



Technical Sergeant Roscoe Taylor holds school on the five-inch gun's breech mechanism

commanding officers of large bases must be met by the junior officers commanding seagoing Marines.

Veteran Marine officers look on sea duty as an excellent opportunity for a young officer to obtain the practical experience so necessary for more responsible commands. Since Marines are very much in the minority, sea duty is a good test of the officer's diplomacy, tact, and traits that are needed in order to get along with his shipmates.

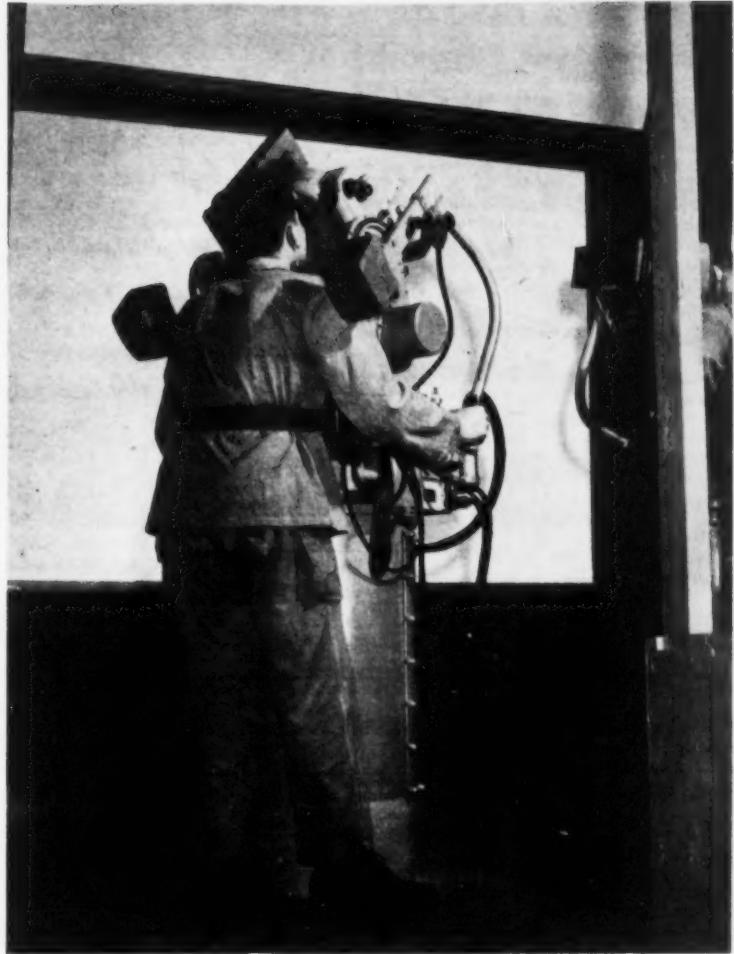
Sea School today graduates about 250 men per month. This is half the number coming through during the war. Sometimes complete detachments are formed here for duty. Most of the men are sent out in replacement pools to Pearl Harbor, Bremer-ton, and once in a while to Norfolk on the east coast.

One of the best known schools on the base before and during the war was Field Music School. Hundreds of prospective musics almost blew their lungs out as they practiced their calls near the far end of the parade ground. No longer does the raucous sound of their music intermingle with the shouts of the DIs as they march their respective platoons. The school has been abolished. In fact, all calls are now recorded and are broadcast over the loudspeaking system. One wonders if the field music, so long a butt of many a salty Marine joke, is destined to die a slow death in the postwar years.

Nevertheless, one of the best Marine musical organizations in the country is found on the Dago base. Composed of 85 men, the band is much in



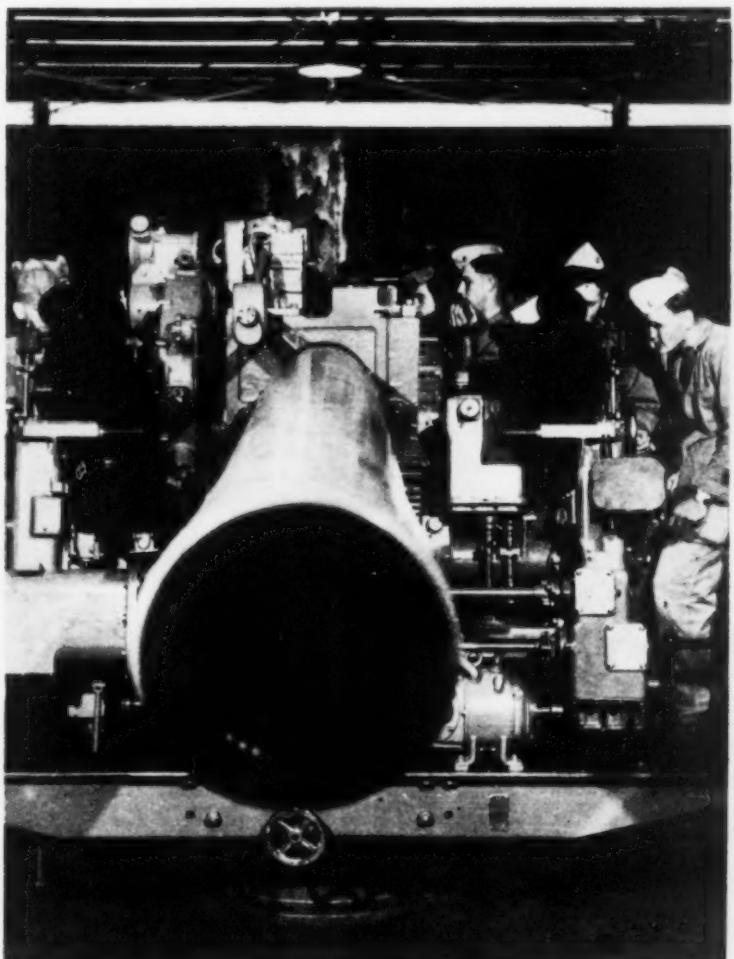
Motion-picture cameras are set up on 20-mm. guns to record the "hits" made by students in this, the Corps' only sea school



During practice firing students aim this 40-mm. gun director at the moving image of a Jap plane projected on this screen



Dummy breeches are used for training Marines on the five-inch dual purpose guns. The gizmo on the left is a loading machine



Sea school students, during their five hours practice on the five-inch guns, interchange positions to learn all operations

SAN DIEGO (cont.)

demand at all points along the coast. Last summer it received commendation from General Vandegrift for its excellent appearance at the centennial celebration at Monterey, Calif.

Personnel in the band are continually being discharged or transferred to other organizations. Because over 200 musicians had to be replaced in 1946, a band school is conducted. Qualified men out of boot camp are interviewed and auditioned. If they are good enough and prefer duty with the band they spend the next 12 weeks in band school. Ninety per cent of all those interviewed more than welcome the chance to get into this top-notch outfit.

While in school, tyro musicians learn arranging, repairing of instruments, recording, orchestrating, and attend a special drum majors class. Their instructors are men with long service in various Marine bands. At the end of the 12 weeks, successful musicians either become members of the base band or are sent overseas as replacements for units there.

Each Friday afternoon this crack outfit leads units from Recruit Depot and Sea School as they march in review on the parade ground. This is the traditional Friday parade held for many years on the base. In prewar years blue-uniformed Marines marched before a large audience some of whom had traveled many miles to see the spectacle. Today, although the Marines are still in their greens, it is a very colorful sight and still attracts many civilians.

A big job for the base during the war and last year was the discharge and reassignment of thousands of Pacific veterans. Today, though the R & R Center remains in operation, the task has been completed. Where once 15,000 men a month were processed here, now the figure has dwindled to a few hundred.

It takes the separation company three days to discharge a man and send him on his way home. This was true even during the months the base was jam-packed with war-tired people all clamoring to get out as quickly as possible. The separation company and the R & R Center are now merged into one outfit located in the same building, to which all men coming back from the Pacific must report. If possible, Marines with time to do are assigned to posts close to their homes.

Officers up for reassignment also report here, and

then are sent to Camp Pendleton. From there they are allowed a choice of duty with an 80 per cent chance of getting it.

Headquarters for the west coast's troop training unit are now on the base. This outfit is staffed by Marine, Navy, and Army personnel. All are specialists in the field of amphibious warfare. Their purpose is to train organizations the size of a division and below, in the details and factors peculiar to this type of warfare. Their work is an excellent example of cooperation among the members of the armed forces.

Outfits trained by the TTU are given the basic principles of amphibious operations. They learn the approved methods for embarking and disembarking from transports, duties of transport quartermasters, preparation of amphibious combat orders, and other subjects related to the field.

Last October the TTU completed the training of the Second Infantry Division at Camp Lewis, Washington. "Final examinations" came the next month and included amphibious operations in the Marine Corps' own backyard — Coronado, San Clemente, and Oceanside. The veterans of Normandy and other European battlegrounds went through their paces before Marine observers from the TTU. The only Marine outfit actually participating in the joint operation was an air wing from El Toro which carried out the pre-assault strafing of the beaches.

Commanding the 7000 men now stationed at MCB is Major General Leo D. Hermle, one of the most decorated officers in the Corps. He is the former assistant commander of the Fifth Division. A participant in many of the Pacific campaigns, he holds the distinction of being the first general officer ashore with his troops on Tarawa and Iwo Jima. Later he accepted the surrender of the Japanese on Truk.

The first of the thousands of Marines who have written such a colorful chapter in the history of San Diego viewed the town from the deck of the sloop of war, *Cyane* in July, 1846. It was only two months after the declaration of war between the United States and Mexico, and San Diego was then in hostile territory. A landing party of Marines and sailors came ashore and raised the American flag over the Plaza. This even marked the first unfurling of "Old Glory" in southern California.

In the years following the Mexican War and until

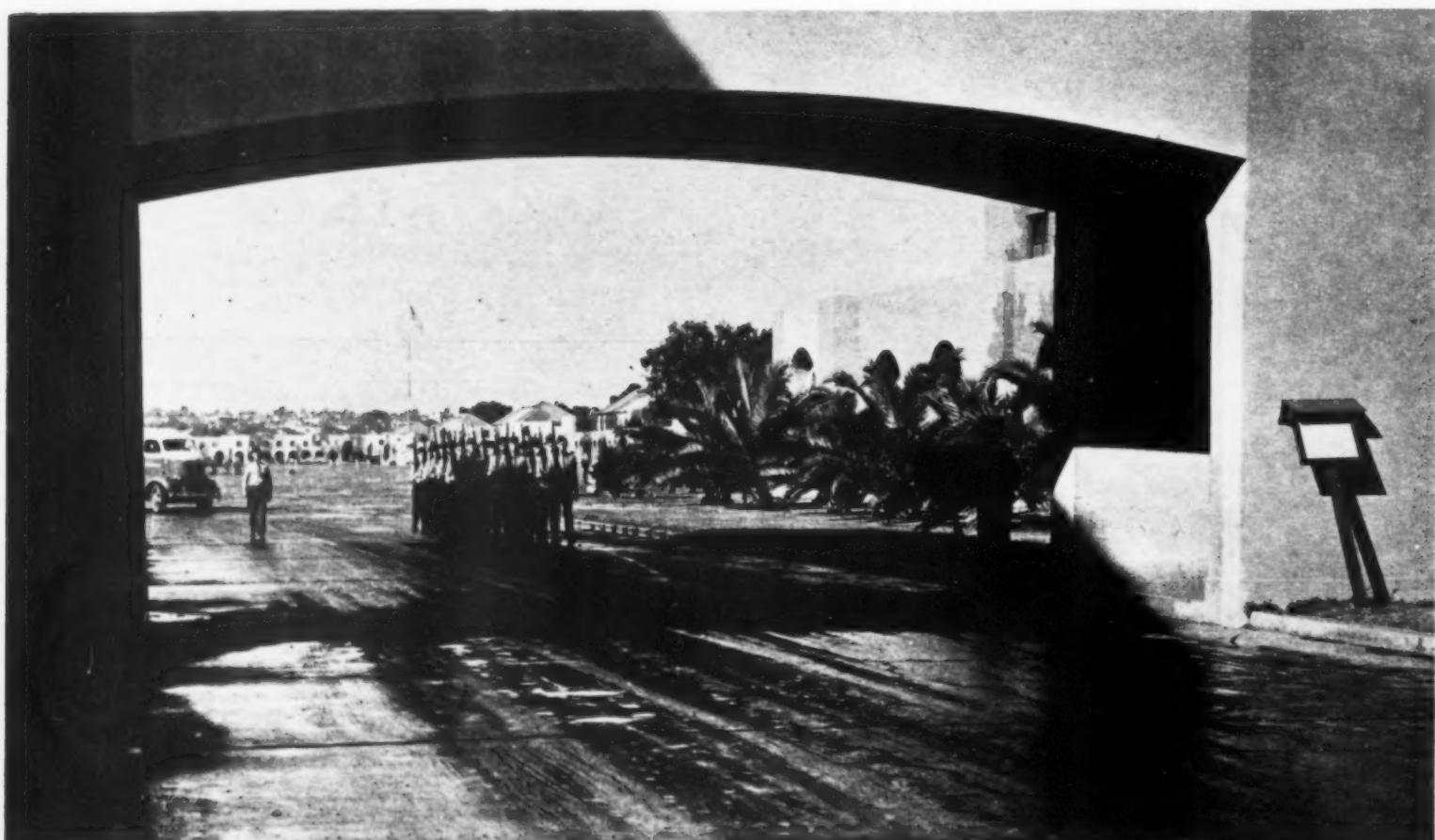
shortly after the turn of the century, San Diego became just another name in the long history of Marine campaigns and engagements. It was during the first San Diego exposition of 1915-1916 that the late Major General Joseph H. Pendleton took the initial steps for the establishment of a Marine base here. He was so impressed with the strategic location of the city, its fine harbor and docking facilities, and its excellent climate that he launched a spirited campaign for the establishment of a permanent base in the area.

After lining up Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels and his assistant Franklin D. Roosevelt, to his cause, the general broached the subject of the actual location to Congressman William Kettner, a member of the House Naval Affairs Committee. The general named North Island as the logical spot for construction, but Kettner disagreed and suggested the present site known then as "Dutch Flats."

Kettner introduced the necessary bills in Congress, but World War I interrupted the construction. Although many Marines of that war trained in the area, it wasn't until October, 1919, that building was begun. Bertram Goodhue, who had gained national renown as the greatest authority on Spanish architecture in the United States, was selected as consulting engineer. His ideas, incorporated in the buildings so reminiscent of Old Spain itself, has made the base one of the most beautiful military establishments in the country.

In the 25 years since its inception the base has grown from a small cluster of buildings, laid out on ground which had originally been marshland waste and reclaimed tidelands, to one of the largest Marine recruit training centers in the world. It is a living monument to those few men who saw that a Marine base on the west coast would provide a strategic point from which men could be trained for immediate duty and put aboard ships for transportation to troubled spots in the Pacific or Orient.

The foresight of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Congressman Kettner and Gen. Pendleton has proved its value during the recent war. It was fortunate that there was a place on the west coast capable of training the 223,000 Marines whose outstanding record during the four years of fighting has justified the faith of its founding fathers.



The Spanish style archways at the San Diego base are familiar to almost every Marine in the Corps



Palm trees add a tropical effect to this view of Broadway

A wartime population still jams the city of San Diego.

Marines on liberty like Tia Juana over the border



The beautiful Santa Fe depot was the gate to and from war for many a fighting Marine



Two-thirds of all the U. S. tuna canning is done in San Diego, with its big harbor



The downtown YMCA is still catering to the needs of servicemen stationed in the area



Downtown San Diego has its hundreds of bars that are familiar to men of the Corps



This one is for the record. A souvenir completes a date with a very lovely girl



These two recruits make their first liberty pass. Well, you can't blame them for trying

52-20

OR WORK!

by Sgt. Spencer D. Gartz
Leatherneck Staff Writer

AT THE close of a major war the economic structure of this country, itself suddenly the objective in a vigorous reconversion struggle, must withstand many a stress and strain. Among these is the threat of growing unemployment, and the returning, suddenly civilianized veteran is no small part of that problem.

There is nothing new about unemployment. It is always with us to some degree. It is almost a natural phenomenon of human nature. There are people who can't work and there are others who will not.

During the peak of the nation's prosperity in the late 1920's, more than two million persons could not, or would not, find employment. During the war years, when the armed services and a straining industry fought for personnel, there were more than a million unemployed, according to figures of the National Census Bureau. Since VJ-Day the average has again become two million. If it gets no worse, then it can be considered that the unemployment problem is well in hand.

The two million include the unemployables — old-age pensioners, retired business people, coupon clippers and others not financially dependent on a job. Seasonal workers, with weeks and months of no work staggered throughout the calendar, help maintain the out-of-a-job figure. Among these are the migratory farm workers, oil field laborers and resort personnel.

But for the soldiers, sailors and Marines, whose return to civilian life had been long expected and prepared for, much legislation had already become law when the end of war came. About 14,000,000 persons now answer to the term "veteran of World War II."



In an effort to apply the viewpoint of a World War II veteran to the administration of the myriad legislative problems concerning the ex-serviceman, the President appointed General Omar Bradley to head the Veterans Administration, and Marine Major General G. B. Erskine, as chief of the Retraining and Reemployment Administration, Department of Labor. Theirs is a prodigious and unenviable task.

The government undertook its responsibilities not to disabled veterans alone, but to all veterans. It realized that long absence from civilian life placed the veteran at a distinct disadvantage in our competitive economy. While in the service he lost out on valuable job experience and, in many cases, job seniority and other privileges. He lost out on the years in which he normally would be continuing his education. The abundance of veteran legislation indicates how determined the government is to help him in his postwar adjustment.

After other wars, the government had been concerned with alleviating immediate hardships by paying claims and pensions. This time it has shifted the emphasis to the future. It is still paying claims and pensions, but in offering its program of educational benefits it is helping the veteran prepare for his future role as a citizen. On-the-job training, institution-on-the-job training and rehabilitation help to

prepare him for future employment. By guaranteeing portions of loans for homes and business ventures, it is helping him lay the ground-work for long-range security.

Educational provisions in the GI Bill took care of most veterans interested in furthering their education. On-the-job training phases, authorized by Public Law 16, ease the problem of those anxious to get started in new fields of endeavor. Those who were having difficulty finding work were offered financial assistance through the Serviceman's Readjustment Allowance Service, or more familiarly, the 52-20 club.

The 52-20 plan has undoubtedly been the most controversial of them all. It was a God-send for some and was grossly abused by others — people who refused to treat it honestly as an aid to readjustment. To them it was a "cash-on-the-barrel-head" dole, a good chance to dope off.

Many who entered the service before, or just after, completing high school never had a chance to learn a trade of any kind. This group of young, untrained men is quite large. Although classed as employable, men in this category have little to offer any employer. They are often reluctant to take employment at nominal wages in order to gain experience, principally because of pay they received in the military, and they consider themselves money ahead by drawing the \$20 offered.

As of January, 1947, there were 1,200,000 individuals drawing this aid. The Veterans Administration says the total number of men drawing compensation for 52 weeks consecutively was slightly over 100,000, but this number is increasing every month. This of course means the national unemployment figure will increase too, unless the trend is stopped.

For the immediate future, the picture is confusing. While most experts, including government economists, were forecasting a minor recession for about the middle of the year, Robert C. Goodwin, director of the U. S. Employment Service, in a statement to newsmen said he believed employment will remain high through 1947.

"There is," he pointed out, "no indication in the labor market of a drop in total employment."

If the economists are right there will be a lessening of job opportunities for the unprepared man. Only he who is trained through schooling or experience will benefit. Employers, finding themselves in a buyers market, will become more selective in their hiring.

The veteran who delays too long in accepting work now, hoping thus to obtain more suitable employment later on, runs the risk of winding up with a still less desirable job than the one he is currently thumbing his nose at, or perhaps with no work at all. At the time of this writing employers had begun to refuse the hiring of anyone who had drawn unemployment insurance over too long a period, on the grounds that such a prospect would not be a very good risk in his business.

Another group of veterans drawing readjustment allowance are those who are self-employed in seasonal fields of endeavor. By the end of 1946 there



Veterans and their communities must aid U.S. in its campaign against unemployment

were 157,000 of these, drawing more than \$15,600,000 annually. Mississippi, the state that was leading in applicants for on-the-job training, led also in readjustment benefits, with 20,895 on the dole roles.

But the general picture is not dark. A great majority of those who stepped out of uniform were working by the end of 1946. The National Census Bureau gives the figure as something over 13,000,000. More than a million were in school. This, incidentally, is a big talking point for the government-established aids. Without them, the employment figure could well be a million souls higher than it is.

Between seven and eight million veterans never have filed for any unemployment compensation. A large proportion of this group must have faced the prospect of unemployment, perhaps were unemployed for a considerable time, yet did not see fit to take \$20 a week from Uncle Sam.

The U. S. Employment Service took over from the States the job of public employment in January, 1942, and did very creditable work in providing service to the veteran as well as the civilian. The service was turned back to the individual states on November 15, 1946. The return to the state system does not mean the job is done, as many people erroneously believe. It has really just begun. But it was seen that effective control could much better be maintained at the source of employment — in the state and community.

In spite of the wide publicity given this program there are still too many employers who have failed to tap this potential field of labor. The success of a state employment agency or a private employment office, is dependent on employers who list jobs with



them. One of the advantages of turning control back to the state and community is that civic-minded citizens, interested in helping the local employment problem, can canvas employers. There is a need for community action if the best effort is to be put forth in fighting unemployment among veterans who still want and need work.

One of the best techniques for community coordination yet developed is the community advisory center. One of these, in Fort Worth, Tex., has conducted a job clinic for men awaiting separation from the armed services. The center sought out and obtained the services of community leaders who knew the employment situation and were well qualified to give advice. The Fort Worth center has been cooperating closely with the state employment offices in obtaining jobs for veterans. It has paid particular attention to encouraging employers to list job openings.

The government set up a veteran-aid program second to none. On millions of applications it is faithfully carrying out its promises. It will faithfully carry out many more in the future. There is a limit, however, on how far a government can carry the ball. The best fullback in the country can't gain much yardage if the line in front of him doesn't help. That line is composed of the veterans themselves, their communities and state, and private industry.

END

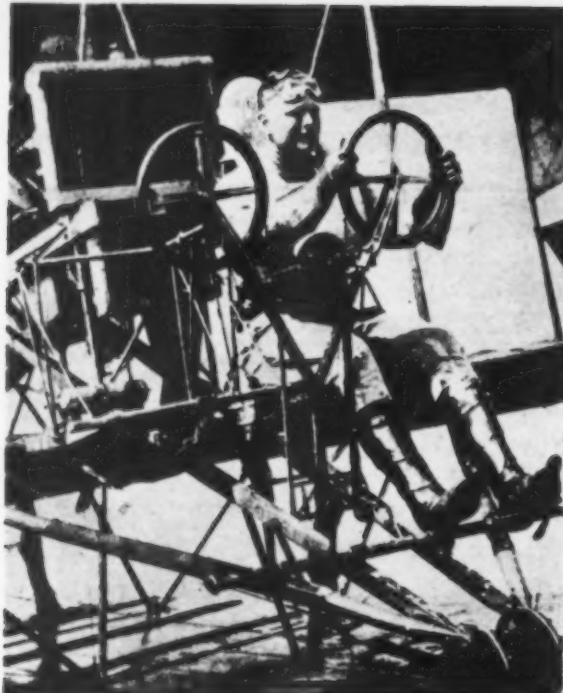


General Geiger

*"... and the elements So mix'd in him that Nature
might stand up, And say to all the world
'This was a man!'" — Shakespeare*

GENERAL GEIGER (cont.)

The general learned to fly in antiquated crates such as this one of 1916 vintage



by Corp. Vernon Langille

Leatherneck Staff Writer

WORLD WAR II could well have passed Roy Geiger by. If it had, fortune would have robbed him of his greatest chance for distinction and the Japanese would have fared better in their early imperialistic designs. Instead of sitting it out, the stocky commander with the pugnacious lower lip masterminded an amazing aviation triumph over tremendous odds. He removed the sting from Jap air power with a handful of pilots and outmoded planes. But this was only prologue. In an unheard-of switch from air to ground, the versatile, pioneer aviator went on an island-snatching tour that carried Marines from Bougainville to Okinawa. When he died last January, the Corps mourned the loss of its one and only tri-phibious general.

When hostilities broke, the taciturn, tight-lipped man with a shock of gray hair was 57 years old. He already wore a deep bank of ribbons and medals from World War I and the Banana Wars. Of the men he had known in boot camp as a private and the aviators who flew with him in France in 1918, only a few were left. Those still alive were scattered over a half dozen cities, locked in offices, retired to farms, or engaged in businesses more soothing to the nerves than fighting. You could count on the fingers of one hand the old-timers who sweated out the quarter-century peace; waiting and preparing, dreading a new war that they felt would surely come.

When the first reports from Guadalcanal started rolling in, General Geiger was in command of the First Marine Aircraft Wing with headquarters in Washington. He followed the fight by reading official releases, sometimes pouring over them until they were soiled and dog-eared. Although coolness had always been his hallmark in action, his emotions were often unstable during that month he spent waiting behind a shiny glass-topped desk.

"I'm a fighting man," he once confided to his sergeant major. "An armchair generalship is no job for me." Before another month was out, he was directing the Southwest Pacific air show from a Guadalcanal tent and sleeping in a cave.

From his days as an enlisted man, Roy Stanley Geiger had been rated by his superiors as a shrewd and alert Marine. He rose from private to second lieutenant in 15 months at a time when even non-com rates were handed out with hashmarks. He was capable of the most rugged types of physical training and although few people knew it, was an accomplished swimmer. As a Parris Island boot he

won the nickname "Rugged Roy" for being the only man on the island who could swim against the incoming Atlantic tide in Port Royal Bay. His demonstration of endurance was so remarkable that it attracted the attention of the men who nine years later steered his career toward aviation. They were Lieutenants Alfred Austell Cunningham, known as the father of Marine Corps aviation, and Francis T. Evans, the fourth commissioned Marine Corps pilot and first flier to ever loop a seaplane.

In 1911, Cunningham began experiments with "Noisy Nan," a dubious flying contraption of nuts, bolts, iron rods and baling wire. "I called her everything in God's name to get her up," Cunningham recalled later. "I pleaded with her to raise her skirts and hike but she never would." Cunningham became the first Marine pilot to graduate from the Navy's aviation camp, a school looked upon by the military with so much suspicion that civilian aircraft manufacturers had to sponsor its first instruction. He was appointed to rank of colonel four years before his death in retirement May 27, 1939.

While the experts debated whether this new thing called an airplane would ever pack enough wallop to sink a capital ship, the Marine Corps began its own pioneering in three-dimensional warfare. It began combing the ranks, officer and enlisted, for likely aviation recruits to attend a new flying school that had opened at Pensacola, Fla.

When Lieut. Cunningham asked Evans if he knew of any suitable candidates, the former Parris Island Application Center Director recommended the husky little 140-pounder whom he had seen swimming against the tide. Roy Geiger became the fifth Marine to don aviator's wings.

A modest man who at times seemed virtually unaware of his own accomplishments, the general never mentioned his aquatic prowess. The only inkling his men ever had of his love for the water was the time they caught him swimming in a river on the 'Canal. And even then their vague intimations were sidetracked.

"There's no better way to take a bath and wash your underwear," the general remarked with a pleasant grin.

Because he maintained a reserved estimate of himself, he disliked boastfulness in others. Once when a young Quantico pilot made a particularly brilliant night landing and was excitedly telling about it, Geiger, then a colonel, interrupted him: "What happened?" he asked.

"My motor failed and I landed on a dead stick."

"Listen, son," he said. "You were up there! Your motor failed! You landed on a dead stick! Now

how in the hell did you expect to get down?"

He had a cryptic facility for leading unpleasant talk into a conversational impasse. In the presence of strangers, he covered an innate shyness by remaining silent. He is known to have called meetings of his staff and then proceeded to utter scarcely a word. Other times he would ask dozens of questions and then go over them carefully, answering them himself, one by one. Always a cautious thinker he used this system as a means of emphasis. It was not by accident that he applied a lawyer's reasoning to queries that were put before him. He was graduated with an LL.B. degree from Stetson University, De Land, Fla., in 1907.

"A fellow couldn't make any money at law in the average small Florida town in those days," he once gave as his reason for enlistment that same year.

According to his associates, Gen. Geiger had one of the best military minds in the Marine Corps. His ability to marshal facts and see through to the solution of a particularly distressing problem was his long suit as a commander. This was best demonstrated in the trying months between August and November of 1942 when airmen of the First Marine Air Wing piled up victory after victory in the skies above Guadalcanal.

THE general had arrived at some sound conclusions about Japanese air power. Among his earliest observations was a tactical comparison between the superbly maneuverable Zero and the sturdier, more heavily armed and armored Grumman Wildcat. A peculiar disadvantage of the Zero fighter was its loss of maneuverability in a high-speed dive. The Wildcat could dive from heaven to hell and back again.

Soon, outnumbered Marine pilots were pairing off into two-plane sections and taking on five Zeros where they previously had trouble handling one. They flashed out of the clouds in long, steep, banking dives, their .50-cal. machine guns spitting hot metal into the paper and plywood of enemy planes. Their momentum carried them back into the cover of the clouds where they waited for another strike. It was a hit-and-run business well suited to a small air force. Although the tactics frankly admitted the excellence of Japanese planes and pilots, it succeeded in getting the most out of the sturdier American aircraft.

During the two months that he engineered aerial combat on Guadalcanal, the crinkly-eyed, stubborn-jawed Geiger pep-talked, bullied and cajoled, pleaded, prodded and praised. He inspired ground crews to

set records for endurance, courage and skill. There were times when the airdales and grease monkeys worked right through an enemy shelling to repair the planes which had come back to them looking like sieves.

An open season on Nips was maintained even through the pinch of a Japanese naval blockade, which at one stage of the campaign showed up in empty gasoline drums and nearly empty mess tins. It was then that Gen. Geiger, who could be as colorfully profane about war as he could be about his mediocre golf, flew to New Caledonia and put the teeth into an organization called Southwest Pacific Combat Air Transport. Better known as SCAT, this supply service, and other groups patterned after it, continued to operate throughout the war. Their manna saved many a hemmed-in garrison from being cut off and destroyed.

A frequently related anecdote which demonstrates the psychological insight with which Geiger seasoned his command and kept it at the peak of fighting efficiency occurred about midway through the Guadalcanal campaign. Terrible flying conditions on Henderson Field were beginning to tell on the nerves of harried pilots. Before whispered complaints had a chance to grow into open unrest, the general took to the air himself in a beat-up dive bomber with a 1000-pound bomb slung under its belly. He blew up an enemy antiaircraft battery and in the words of one of his pilots, "strafed hell out of another position." Although the field got so bad at times that it would have unnerved a Canadian bush pilot to land on it, First Wing pilots never again allowed "the old man" to think that it bothered them.

"I just did it for spite," he modestly commented later. Everybody who witnessed it or ever heard about it knew that "Rugged Roy" wanted it to serve as proof for his often-quoted policy that he expected nothing from his men that he would not do himself.

Throughout his career as a commander of troops, Geiger expected action in return for the broad latitude which he usually gave his subordinates. With him it was a case of do something; anything, and be as sure as you can that it's right. He was

quick to forgive a mistake, but inaction on the part of his men rankled him.

"I do the best I can with the abilities that God gave me. If I'm wrong, well, it's just too bad," was the way he summed up his own fighting philosophy.

In November, Gen. Geiger turned the 'Canal affair over to his senior staff member, Colonel, now Major General Louis Woods, and headed for First Wing Headquarters at Espiritu Santos. Behind them, he and his courageous pilots left this score-sheet account of the greatest aerial upset of the war: 286 planes shot down and 23 others destroyed on the ground or water; six enemy ships, including one heavy cruiser, definitely sunk, and 18 others badly crippled.

The general added a gold star in lieu of a second Navy Cross to a chest full of ribbons dating back to World War I and the glamorous, reckless days of aviation when people would travel for miles to see a flying machine and only the most irresponsible individuals could be induced to ride in one.

THIS general learned to fly in 1917 under the tutelage of Lieut. Evans in a clumsy Curtiss-built pusher type plane called the Aeroplane Hydro. "Geiger was a good student and learned to fly in the normal time without much trouble," his instructor related.

When the pusher was replaced by another Curtiss product, the N-9, a tricky seaplane with a peculiar mechanical fault that gave it a tendency to travel porpoise fashion every time it hit the water, all students had to be soloed over again. On his first chance at the controls, Geiger nose-dived the N-9 into Pensacola Bay, barely missing a surfaced submarine.

"It never bothered him a bit," Evans said, in recalling the incident. "In fact, as I remember it, neither of us even reported to sick bay."

As senior flight officer at the same training station a year or so later, Geiger passed on the "fly it or smash it" attitude which characterized his fearless, sometimes heavy-handed flying career.

"Can you fly that thing?" he once asked one of the students, Ford O. Rogers, now a retired major

general. Rogers replied that he hadn't been given the chance.

"Geiger ordered me into the plane and we took off," Rogers said. "First he killed the motor. I switched the ignition back on. Then he jammed the throttle and we started losing altitude fast. I caught him at that and he gave up trying to scare me. We landed and I took off again alone."

"Who's up there?" Rogers' regular instructor (a second lieutenant with all of 20 hours flying time under his belt) is supposed to have asked his CO on another occasion.

"That's your student, Rogers," the then Captain Geiger answered.

"But he isn't ready to solo, Sir! He's had only two hours in the air."

"Seems to be doing a pretty good job of it," the captain said, chuckling to himself as he walked away.

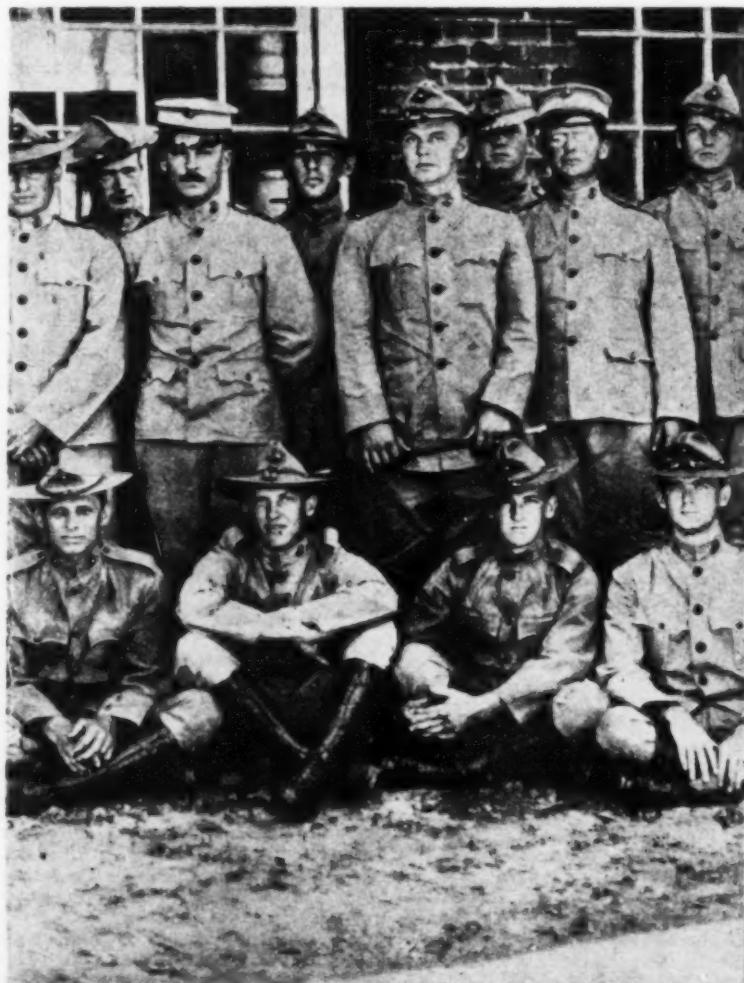
Rogers flew with Geiger when the latter was a squadron commander in the First Marine Aviation Force attached to the Day Wing, Northern Bombing Group, based at Calais, France. He remained in the Corps until his retirement late last year.

"If ever there was a flier who had God as his co-pilot, it was Geiger," he once said of his old flying mate.

That the general was oblivious to danger and never knew the meaning of the word fear was well known to all who ever served with him in either war or peace. As commander of Marine aviation units in Haiti after World War I, he conducted operations out of viciously broken jungle terrain from landing fields that were small and extremely dangerous. His pioneer work before the days of steel mats and asphalt runways paid off later on equally hazardous landing strips encountered on the islands in the Pacific. In 1930, while flying relief supplies to hurricane victims in Santo Domingo, his formation hit a terrific storm.

"There's extremely bad weather ahead and the ceiling is practically zero," one of the pilots reported over the intercommunication system.

"Well what can you do about it," Geiger retaliated.



Front row, Roy Geiger (extreme left) and A. A. Vandegrift (extreme right) at Marine Officers' School, Port Royal, S. C., in 1909



Captain Christian F. Schilt, now brigadier general, is pictured with the famed pioneer aviator at the Cleveland air races, 1935



As CO of Aircraft One, Fleet Marine Force, Quantico, Geiger held the rank of lieutenant colonel. He rose from a private

The following year he piloted a mercy plane to earthquake victims at Managua, Nicaragua.

In the Pacific, young pilots with as many as 20 "meatballs" painted on the fuselage of their planes were proud of their "Old Man" because he flew around the islands daring hell and high water in a cumbersome PBY flying boat. He preferred the big Catalina to a faster plane simply because it was slower. He maintained that he could see more on the numerous observation flights which he took over

the enemy lines. It never occurred to him that a flying boat with no more maneuverability than a penguin showed up like the side of a barn in an anti-aircraft gunner's sights. His own troops accidentally shot at him once during a night flight when he failed to make contact with the ground.

Later, when he switched from air to a ground command, his staff persuaded him to trade off the Catalina for an Army transport of greater speed.

Once, when asked if he would lend his flying boat to help PTs flush a Japanese convoy, he withdrew into one of those silences which could make his personality an enigma to many who thought they knew him.

"The last time you fellows flew it around out there you brought it back shot full of holes," he finally replied. At last he agreed to allow the boat to go, on the condition that he accompany it as co-pilot "just to be sure it gets back here."

Most of the time the big Catalina was a flying storage bin for aircraft gasoline, depth charges and emergency supplies. Major Jack Cram, Geiger's senior aide, (now a lieutenant colonel) slipped one of the charges into a big Jap transport in broad daylight and was awarded the Navy Cross for it.

Some of the most colorful incidents in Geiger's aviation career were the result of his unbridled enthusiasm for free balloon piloting. Although most fliers regarded it a dreadful phase of their training, Geiger continued to pilot the big hydrogen bags for years after he met his flight school requirements. It was a standing joke among his friends that the first question he asked when he hit a new station was whether

there were any balloons aboard. As a squadron commander at the Marine flying field in Quantico in 1923, he snowed younger officers by cruising ten miles in a free balloon and landing two hours later in the exact spot from which he had ascended.

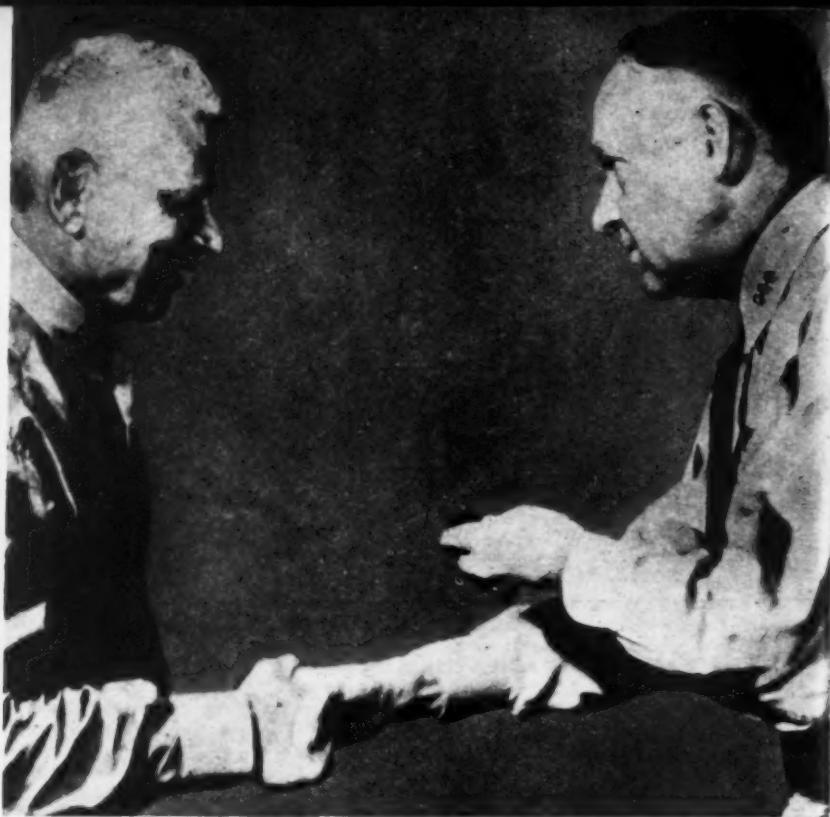
Perhaps his most annoying experience with a free balloon, so-called, was the afternoon he announced he was taking a long solo flight and would be aloft a day, perhaps more than that. The field at Pensacola was hemmed in by an overcast not more than 3000 feet high. Below it, the atmosphere was misty and cool, and above, of course, the sun was bright and the air warm.

As the story goes, Geiger's balloon ascended according to schedule until it had passed the cloud formation. Then, upon hitting the warmer air, the hydrogen in the bag suddenly expanded and the contraption shot heavenward. Geiger quickly overcame his loss of control by devalving until he had begun to descend. Proceeding earthward, the clouds had no sooner cut off the sun when Geiger found himself gaining downward speed. He quickly tossed out ballast, reversing his course and again passing through the clouds into the inflating upper heat.

He had several more ups and downs, devalving one minute and throwing ballast madly the next, until finally, with most of the gas and all the ballast gone, the balloon slumped to the ground and wound up in a tangle with a thicket. Geiger crawled out through the brambles and, it is said, reported back to his station without any explanation as to why he had so quickly terminated his projected aerathon.

Once, while unloading ballast somewhere over Georgia, the general threw a sandbag through the roof of an outhouse and was shot at by an irate farmer who took careful aim over the long, lean barrel of a muzzle-loader. He dug up gardens, stampeded cattle and toppled over sheds, but nothing ever tempered his fascination for lighter-than-air travel. He was still an exponent of "ballooning for fun" long after the airplane had relegated the free balloon to the scrap heap.

Although Geiger had an uncanny sense of direction and seldom needed a mechanical device to drop either a plane or a balloon through an overcast onto a landing field, he was among the first to pioneer in the adoption of instrument flying for Marine pilots. While most of the services still regarded such directional aids as they would the practice of one of the black arts, Lieutenant Colonel Geiger set up the Marine Corps' first small-scale instrument training program. He himself flew from Quantico to Lake Placid by instrument, using a single-place fighter that had its canopy well covered with Bon Ami, to prove it could be practically done. Later, when instrument flying was more general practice, he liked to use it upon every possible occasion and, when he died, was known as one of the



Vice Admiral John Towers presented General Geiger with a Gold Star in lieu of a third DSM for meritorious service



Major Generals Geiger and Ross Rowell confer on Guadalcanal. Rowell led the first organized dive-bombing in Corps history



Equally proficient in the air and on the ground, he led Marines from the 'Canal to Okinawa

best instrument pilot-navigators this nation had.

Aviation occupied a greater part of the general's long Corps career, but he always considered the airplane an adjunct to ground forces. He felt this was especially true in amphibious warfare, and believed that every aviator should know all phases of a ground officer's duties. His own knowledge of troop tactics was begun during the period between his enlistment in the regular Marine Corps in 1907 and his decision to enter aviation nine years later.

The officer-training class in which candidate Geiger distinguished himself also produced another famous Marine officer, A. A. Vandegrift, the present Commandant. Thirty-four years later Geiger was to succeed General Vandegrift in taking command of the First Marine Amphibious Corps on Bougainville. His first assignment as an officer took him to sea duty, aboard the battleship *Wisconsin* and the battleship *Delaware*. Twenty years later he was called upon to coordinate the Corps' air arm with fleet exercises at Culebra. In the meantime, in 1912, he obtained his first experience in commanding ground troops under fire, during the capture of Coyotepe and Barranca, Nicaragua.

Then, between 1925, the date of his graduation with distinction from Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, and the opening of World War II, Gen. Geiger requested and obtained permission to attend every military school and college, both Army and Navy, that were available

to ranking commissioned officers. He rounded out his vast knowledge of strategy and tactics during a trip to European battle fronts in 1942.

He finished off the Bougainville operation, for which he was awarded a DSM, and led his redesignated Third Amphibious Corps onto the beaches of Guam. For the assault and capture of the southern Palau Islands he received two gold stars in lieu of a second and third DSM. The climax of his career in ground fighting came at Okinawa when fate thrust upon him command of all Marine and Army forces on Okinawa, comprising the Tenth Army. His predecessor, Lieutenant General Simon Bolivar Buckner, had been killed while watching an early-morning attack.

IT WAS the first and only time in Corps history that a Marine officer had command of an entire army.

The general brought to his new job the same cool leadership that had marked his command of aviation on the 'Canal. Three days prior to the Guam operation, he relaxed by reading a book about his favorite hero, the fantastic, fictional Fu Man Chu. He hobnobbed with Marines in their foxholes and refused to be disturbed when shells burst around his command post. On Okinawa, when the report reached him that the Japs were committing suicide by jumping over a cliff, he was little moved.

"Is it a high cliff, I hope?" he asked, as if his optimism in ultimate victory had foreshadowed all present concrete evidence of Japanese surrender.

Although it has never been publicized, Gen. Geiger was the only Marine commander to make good the oft-repeated victory slogan, "On To Tokyo," before the war's end. As Admiral Chester A. Nimitz's guest aboard his flagship prior to the Japanese surrender, he accepted an offer to tour Yokohama. Instead of stopping there, the party continued on to the Japanese capital where the general picked up his prize souvenir of the war — a signed statement written on American Embassy stationery by a Swiss custodian. It reads, in essence:

"This is to certify our arrival at the American Embassy, Tokyo, Japan, at 1230 on 1 September 1945."

The Japanese surrender didn't take place until the following day.

Gen. Geiger's death came at the peak of a great epoch in the development of Marine aviation. He had seen it grow from its crude flying machine days to the advent of jet propulsion and supersonic flight. As his body was borne from Fort Myer Chapel to its final resting place in Arlington National Cemetery, a squadron of Corsairs made three passes, tipping their wings over his grave. A place at the head of the squadron was left open in honor of the Corp's dead hero.

END



The flag-draped casket was borne by a caisson pulled by six white horses and followed by a single riderless horse with the general's

boots reversed in the stirrups and his sword hung backwards in the saddle. A squadron of Corsairs tipped their wings over his grave.



professional soldier



by Lawrence Sanders

WE CAME slashing south after the first raid on Truk. They had sounded the all-clear, and we were securing from Sunset Alert. Then this lone Betty came flipping out of the overcast and dropped one just forward of number one turret. The cruiser off the port bow caught the Betty square with a five-inch, but it was too late then.

The first sergeant was gun captain on the starboard heavy up there. When the gun shield in front

standing watch or doing guard duty? But oh no, I've got to stand watch and type payrolls and keep my gear in order and instruct classes and make like a Corporal of the Guard and try to get a little sleep when no one's looking.

I was Corporal of the Guard the next day, standing by the forward accommodation ladder, when the new first sergeant came aboard. He had two sea bags and a locker box. I've seen some sharp looking Marines in my day, but if that man didn't take the fur-lined foxhole, I'll eat your Can, meat, stainless steel, w/cover.

He was short, about as short as Marines come, but seemed shorter because of his slimness. He was tight, that's the word for him, tight and hard and nervous as a stallion. You got the impression of tremendous energy held under rigid discipline.

He was wearing that old stuff they call "Shanghai khaki," very light, faded cloth, starched and pressed to creases that would slice cheese. When he came over the side, he saluted the OD with a gesture so hard and incisive I listened for his elbow to snap. Man, that was one sharp Marine!

His face was the color of an old pigskin wallet. He looked like he had been nibbling on atabrine all his life. He had those wrinkles around his eyes and mouth that old sailors and old cavalrymen get. His hair was battleship grey and cut short to his scalp. It wasn't till I walked up close to shake his hand that I noticed that the skin on the back of his neck and over his wrists was new and pink. That spelled flash burns and skin grafts to me.

"Sergeant," I says. "Glad to have you aboard. I double as detachment clerk, so we'll probably be seeing a lot of each other."

"Corporal," he says. "Glad to be aboard. Where am I quartered?"

We had a special compartment for our first sergeant and our two gunnys. I helped him below with his gear. I introduced him to our staff NCO's, and he shook hands all around. After he dropped their hands, the boys would try them out behind their backs to see if the knuckles still worked. They gave him the close double-O, and I could see they were impressed.

We had a detachment inspection scheduled right after pay call. The Top introduced himself to the outfit and then followed the CO down the ranks.

Right behind me the captain caught some eight-ball with a rusty piece. He reamed him out fore and aft, and when he finished, the Top started.

I've been read off in my day, but nothing like that. This bantam Top Sergeant stood in front of that six-foot hillbilly from Kentucky and lashed him with a hard, toneless voice with a crack on the end of it that stung like a whip. It made me nervous just to hear him, and he wasn't reaming me. He used that voice to address one man or a hundred. It had no tone to it; it was just hard and flat, and it cracked. When he said jump, you jumped, scared silly you weren't jumping fast enough or far enough.

After inspection, we went below, and the Top and I went through the stuff pending.

"When do you have your physical drill?" he asks. "The captain knocked it off while we were at sea, Top," I tells him.

"Get a memorandum to all hands. Get 'em up at dawn for physical drill with rifles."

There aren't many of this kind any more; in fact, there never has been many of them. He was a dry man with a body like a "tin can" and a heart like the old Missouri

He was the color of an old pigskin wallet, like he had been nibbling at bacon all his life. He had wrinkles around his eyes and a mouth old sailors get.

"Top," I says. "When we're at sea, we have to get up at dawn for Morning Alert."

"When we're at sea," he says, "we'll get up half an hour before Morning Alert for physical exercises."

"Yes, Top," I says.

"The next man I catch turning up at inspection with a dirty rifle gets brig time. Put that in the memorandum."

"Yes, Top," I says.

"I hear a guy whistling now. What's wrong with these stoops? How long they been sea-going? Knock off all whistling."

"Yes, Top."

"Get the police sergeant for me, will you? This compartment is filthy."

"Yes, Top."

"And you'd better get hot, and get those muster rolls out. I'll help you tonight. Get a working party to swab down this office; it's crummy."

Wham, bang, pow, that's the way he hit that place. Within a week he had our compartment shining like the Ladies' Room at Radio City. We won first place at the Exec's Inspection that Saturday, and when the boys lined up at division parade, I've never seen them looking better. We did Inspection Arms, and you heard CRACK, CRACK, CLICK, and a hundred heads snapped up at once. The swabbies lined up to watch us, and we sure put on a show. The Top gave us manual until our shirts were stuck to our backs. Then finally he gave us At Ease.

"Not too bad," he says. "But plenty of room for improvement. The schedule of classes will be doubled from now on. Examination for next higher rate will be held next month. Everyone will take the exams. Is that clear? And apparently some of you men haven't learned the fundamentals of personal hygiene yet. I want to see you fighting to get into that shower room at night. If I spot anyone not taking advantage of fresh water showers, I'll let him try a salt water bath. Is that clear? Another thing. The ship's recreation officer has informed me that a boxing tournament starts in two weeks. There will, I repeat, there *will*, be at least one Marine entered in each weight class. Those men not winning their bouts better make certain they're in no condition to walk from the ring. Is that clear?"

I guess it was clear all right. We won 10 out of 16 bouts, and they had to carry the other six guys out of the ring.

Before the Top came, we were a pretty good detachment; nothing special, you know, but just getting along. After he had been with us awhile, we were hell on wheels.

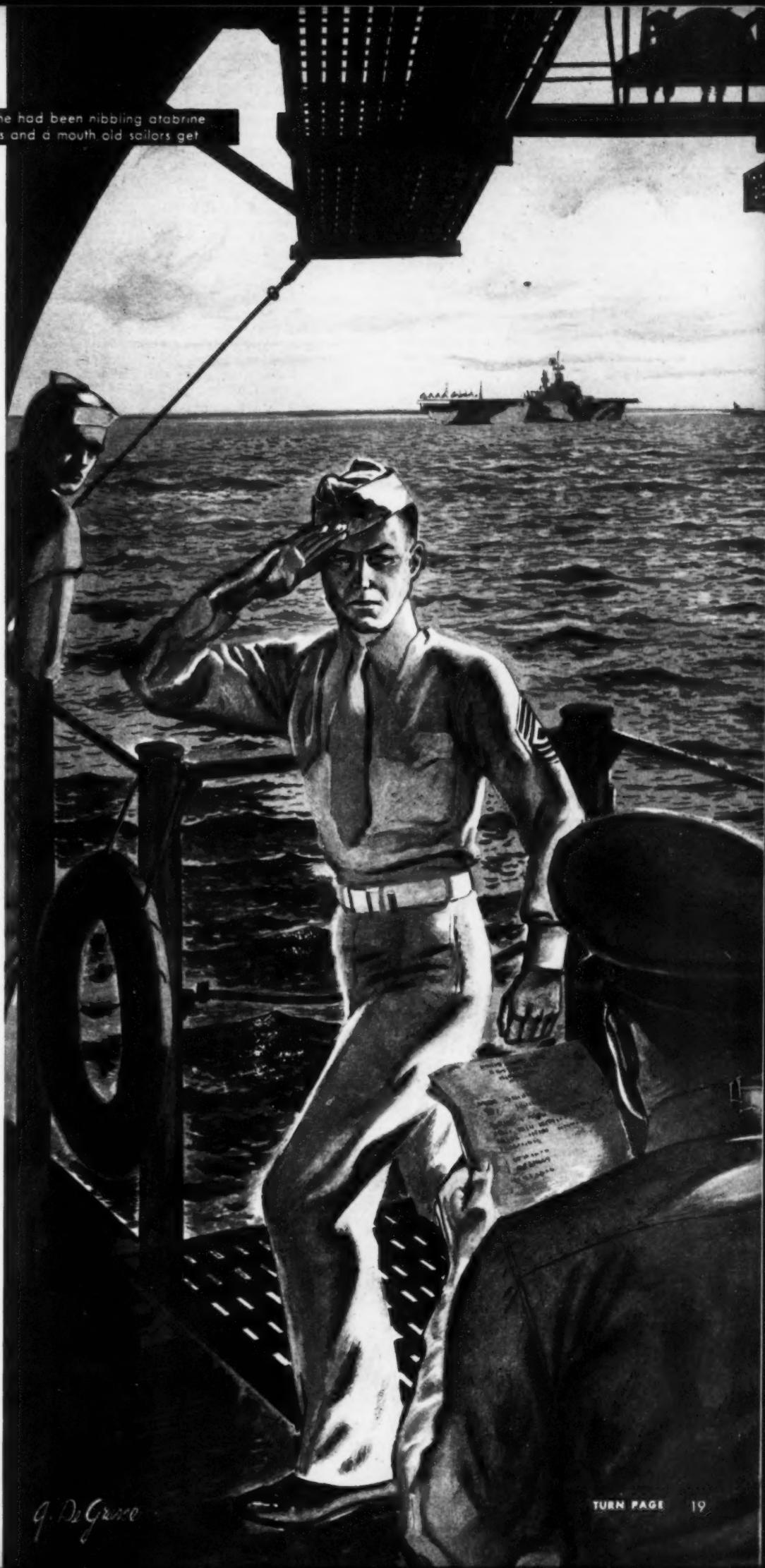
Of course, no one admitted liking it. All you heard was the beating of chops. But I could see the guys were secretly proud of the Top and the reputation he had with the sailors for being tough. The way he carried himself, straight as a ramrod in his starched khaki and neat little cap, you knew right off he couldn't be anything but an old line Marine. After awhile the kids started imitating him. They had their shirts cut down tight, and they strutted with their shoulders forced back, and their chins up.

The Top kept to himself most of the time. He used to go back to the chiefs' quarters to play pinochle, but I think maybe I was closer to him than anyone else aboard. He didn't run off at the mouth very much, but when he talked, it was always worth listening to. He had done a lot of reading, and a lot of thinking too.

"You're getting out," he says to me once. "You're in because there's a war on. But I'm in because this is my work; I'm a professional soldier. It's in my Record Book as my last occupation. See?" And he showed it to me. He was pretty tickled about it being down there like that: Previous Occupation — Professional Soldier.

"Being a soldier is something like being in the church," he goes on, almost as if he's talking to himself. "It's a service to something bigger than you are. It takes the best that's in you, and gives damn little in return. I never expect to be anything but maybe a warrant some day, but that's okay. I go along, doing my job, and I keep my pride. I keep myself and my weapon clean. That's enough for me."

"The thing I don't like," I says, "is having to



G. DeGraw

TURN PAGE

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A PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER (cont.)

take orders from someone you don't respect." "You think civilians don't do that? You're crazy. But in the service it doesn't worry you. You don't judge a man; you order him or obey him. It's hard, it's tough, and sometimes it's a heart-breaking life. But I like it. I can find honor in it, and self-respect. And I get a bang out of strutting in front of these kids and showing them how a soldier should carry himself."

The Top was a bug on personal cleanliness. He used the same shower room as we did, and every night I'd see him in there. He never used anything but yellow G.I. soap and a rough brush. He'd scrub that brown, wiry body of his till it glistened. He even scrubbed his face with that damn brush, and he got a lot of other guys scrubbing themselves with stiff brushes too, and the number of men we had with fungus infections went way down.

Yet you can take only so much of war's punishment in the hell of a ship's magazine

He'd tell me stories about the "old Marine Corps" when things got slow in the office. He might have been snowing me, but I don't think so. He liked to talk about all the Banana Wars he'd been in and his duty in Shanghai and Peking. His record book was filled with recommendations and citations. He had a chest full of fruit salad on his winter uniform. I heard a Navy chief accuse him of having so many ribbons he listed to port.

What impressed me most about the man was the tremendous pride he had in himself and his uniform. Like he said, being a professional soldier was like serving the church to him, serving something greater than himself. He gave it everything he had, and frequently got nothing in return except his own satisfaction and self-respect. "Keep yourself clean and your weapon ready" was the first law of life for him.

"You've been sea-going before, haven't you, Top?" I asks him one day.

"Yeah," he says. "I was on the Sara, and the old Ark, and a couple of other tubs."

"How about those burns?" I says. Maybe I shouldn't have asked, but I figured I knew him well enough by then.

He didn't get sore. He told it like he had gone over it many times before, in that cold, emotionless tone as though it had all happened to someone else.

When the Nips came in on Pearl, he was aboard a ship that was sunk later in the Coral Sea. They made a run for it out of the harbor. There were 12 of them in an old 5-inch turret, most of them naked or with just their scivvies on. They got off one round before the turret took a direct hit. Four of them

crawled out, burned black. He had been in a hospital a long time and had a lot of new skin on him.

He told me all this: how they were naked or almost naked, and how bad the flash burns got them. He talked about the flames, and it was in his voice, and you could see the terrible explosion and the leap of fire, and smell the melted metal, the scorched flesh, the burned wood. You could never forget things like that, and looking in his eyes and listening to that voice, so carefully emotionless, I knew he hadn't forgotten either.

We went to Pearl Harbor for a week, picked up some replacements, and then we shoved off for the Hollandia invasion, sweeping westward in task force formation.

The captain asked the Top what battle station he wanted, and the Top picked the main 40-mm. magazine near the open navigating bridge on the fifth superstructure. Me, I like to be outside where I can see what's going on and know if we're doing any good. If anything hits, I don't want to be bolted down under armor plate with ammunition stacked around me. That's no good.

But the Top picked the magazine where they sweated with all that stuff packed up to the overhead around them. It wasn't a spot I'd have picked; I'd have remembered being shut in a 5-inch turret with flame pouring up in my face. But that's where the Top wanted to be stationed, and that's where the captain put him.

Hollandia wasn't so bad. Everything went off all right, and there wasn't any excitement till we started back, and then somehow bogies kept turning up all over the place. We lost a lot of sleep and kept wishing we'd get back to Majuro to rest up and get some mail.

That Sunday we had a special dinner with roast turkey. It was the anniversary of the ship's commissioning. We had come a long distance since we slid down the ways at Brooklyn, and the skipper wanted to celebrate. My watch was just sitting down to a big meal with all the trimmings when that damn gong went, "Wong-a, wong-a, wong-a," and the loud speaker rasped, "All hands, man your battle stations. All hands, man your battle stations. Air attack, starboard."

I grabbed up a turkey wing and ran for the ladder. Wouldn't you know they'd come in the middle of chow?

When I got up to the mount, I couldn't see a thing. The sky looked clear except for the vapor trails of a high-flying combat air patrol. But we had picked up a flight of three unidentified planes on our screen and weren't taking any chances.

Sure enough, Stevens, the sergeant in the pointer's seat, spotted them, and we talked to Sky Control on the phones. They were Nip all right and looked like they were coming in high and fast.

The destroyers closed in on us, and we swung around broadside to the planes. Everything was quiet, and I remember hearing the signal flags snapping in the breeze and the loader next to me whispering to his passer to hand the clips high. We got set.

Down they came, fast and in the sun. The five-inch opened on them, then the 40s, then the 20s, and then the whole ship seemed to be jumping.

They started a fire on a cruiser aft of us and swung around for what looked like a torpedo run on us. But we opened up again, throwing everything we had into the air, and two of them just nosed down and plowed into the sea.

The third one, damn his soul, rode out our entire port battery. I don't know how he did it; it was humiliating as hell. He just wiggled his wings up and down, somehow came through, and flipped up

over us into a cloud bank. The last we saw of him, three Corsairs were chasing him over the horizon. After awhile we secured and started below to our cold dinners.

I glanced in the magazine, and the Top was stretched out on the deck with a corpsman bending over him. I climbed inside and took a look at him. He hadn't been hurt as far as I could see, but his face was white; it was almost green. His teeth were clenched so tightly his jaws were shuddering. I looked at the corpsman. He shook his head.

"We better get him down to Sick Bay," he says.

They called it Combat Neurosis, whatever that means. It sure doesn't mean a man is a coward and is no good anymore. It usually means he's had such a bellyful of war that no matter how much he wants to go on, his body rebels, it won't function. It's like he was two people, his will and his body, and no matter how hard he wills to go on, his body won't do it, it won't take any more. That's the way it was with the Top.

I went down to see him in Sick Bay. He couldn't keep any food on his stomach, and he was pale and sweating. Sick Bay was air-conditioned, but he was sweating like he was in a hot sun.

"I thought it would be all right," he says to me. "I thought I could lick it. I can lick it. Next time it'll be better."

"Sure, Top, sure," I says. "It's going to be okay. It'll be okay."

"I kept seeing those flames," he says. "The four of us crawling out of that turret. I thought I had forgotten, but I hadn't. I guess I never will."

"Maybe you should be outside," I says. "How about changing stations with me?"

"No, No, I'll beat it right there inside. That's where it's worst, and that's where I'll lick it. I thought it was all right, but I kept seeing those flames, and then I heard that last guy coming in on us, and I saw all that ammo stacked around me, and the flames just came up and swept over me again. Then I was down on the deck, too weak to stand."

"Sure, Top, sure," I says. "Take it easy; it'll be all right."

The captain came down, and we talked awhile. We tried to talk easy and natural, but it was a hard thing to do. I sure liked that man, and it hurt me to see him like that. It made me bleed to see him like that, pale, broken, and trembling. I liked that guy plenty.

"Captain," he says, "Captain, give me a little time, will you? I'll lick this thing, I know I will. But don't transfer me, Captain. Please don't transfer me."

"Top," the captain says, "It's not up to me, you know that. Whatever the Doc says, that's what goes. I'll do what I can, but you know it's not up to me."

"Sure," the Top says, "Sure, Captain, I know. If they'll only give me another chance. I'm trying, Captain, honest I am. I'm trying hard."

"We know you are, Top," the CO says. "We all know it. You keep it up. We're all for you, all of us."

Well, that was after Hollandia. They kept Top in Sick Bay, and most of the fellows dropped down there so he had plenty of visitors. They'd go down in two's or three's so they could keep the talk going fast and tough the way he liked it. He liked to hear that tough barracks talk. Maybe two or three guys would sit around ragging another guy and telling him what a disgrace he is to the Corps. You know how guys like to shoot the breeze like that.

They finally returned him to duty, but he wasn't the same Top. He was thinner than ever, and his

We stood there until he was over the side and watched the stern lantern dance away

tan was gone. Those great new blotches of skin on his arms and neck stood out like patches of cloth. When he lit a cigaret, you could see his hand tremble. But he was trying; the whole ship knew it. He was up in that magazine for every gun drill and practice General Quarters we had. I'd look through the hatch, and he'd be standing by the ammo, his hands balled into fists, an awful blank, dead look in his eyes.

We shoved off for the pre-invasion bombardment of the Marianas, and I guess the captain had talked to the medics because the Top was still with us.

Well, you remember what Saipan was like, with the Turkey Shoot the pilots still talk about when a man could be an ace in an hour. The days weren't too bad, but the nights were Hollandia all over again: plenty of alarms, no sleep, dawn and dusk alerts, everyone getting crumbier and crumbier,

then orange, then red, then suddenly burned out.

But in a few seconds we were firing, ca-chung, ca-chung, and the mount was jerking around, and I didn't think about anything but sliding in my clips so they wouldn't jam. There was an orange explosion in the sea off our fan-tail, and I knew we'd got one anyway.

The firing quieted for a second, then picked up, and our five-inch, 40-mm., and 20-mm. all started coughing at once. That's the nearest thing to chaos I've ever seen. Our mount was right on top of a five-inch turret, and the deck was quivering like paper. Guns were blasting all around us, there were screams for more ammo, guys were slipping on the greasy decks, our starboard heavy had jammed, and they were sweating to clear it. I crouched there in dungarees, flash gear, and life jacket, trying to keep my gun firing, and thinking, Come on, Top;

The night he left, he came up from Sick Bay and packed his gear. I went below to call him when the small boat came alongside. He was sitting with our officers and a few of the NCO's. No one was saying much.

"Boat's here, Top," I says and picks up his sea bag. The captain took the other bag, and the gunnys handled his locker box. We went topside.

There was no moon, and not a light in the harbor or on the atoll. A soft breeze was blowing off-shore, and you could hear the waves slapping against the sides.

I'll never forget that feeling of walking through the quiet darkness single file. There were a lot of guys sleeping on deck, and we threaded through them. We heard the snapping of the empty signal halyards. It was like leading a man to the gallows. We walked aft through the quiet darkness.

Back at the accommodation ladder, we handed his gear over the side, and the Top showed his orders to the OD and was given permission to leave ship.

"Well, Top," the captain says. "Let us hear from you. Drop us a line from wherever you are."

"I sure will, Captain," the Top says, but he knew he wouldn't, and we knew it too.

He shook hands all around. I didn't say a word. I couldn't say a word.

We stood there until he was over the side, and the boat pulled away. It was showing a stern lantern, and we watched it dance away on the waves. We watched that little light go away from us, bob up and down, get smaller and smaller until it was gone, vanished, and you couldn't see any light anymore, and the darkness of the harbor closed in on us again.

Months later we were off Okinawa, and it was as bad as it had ever been. We weren't getting much sleep, and even when you dozed off, you dreamed of some maniac crash-diving you in a flaming arc. That was a bad time in my life. We pulled out of there to refuel at sea, and they hauled over a few bags of mail.

Late that afternoon the captain came down to the office. I gave him the swivel chair, and I took the straight chair against the bulkhead. He gave me a cigaret, and we sat there awhile, smoking.

"I got a letter from a buddy of mine," the captain says finally. "This guy was the Top's new CO after he got out of the hospital. The Top was in this hospital on Oahu a long time, and they were going to survey him out, but because of his record, and because he begged so hard for another chance, they let him ship out again. He shipped out on a light cruiser, a new one with a green crew."

"How is he?" I says. "How's he doing?"

"He's dead," the captain says. "They were operating off the Jimas, north of Iwo somewhere, and got jumped without any air coverage. They caught one in the magazine between their forward heavies."

"Was he killed then?"

"No," he says. "No, not right then. This letter says a fire was started in the magazine, and the Top dragged a hose in there to wet it down. He was out okay, you understand, and he didn't have to go back in, but he dragged a hose in there and wet it down. He went back in there. He went back into the fire."

"Did the ammo go up?"

"No. He put the fire out all right, but when they got to him, he was all messed up and died a few minutes later. This letter says they're recommending him for a medal, one of the big medals."

I didn't say anything. I looked at the captain, and for the first time I saw how old he was and how weary he looked.

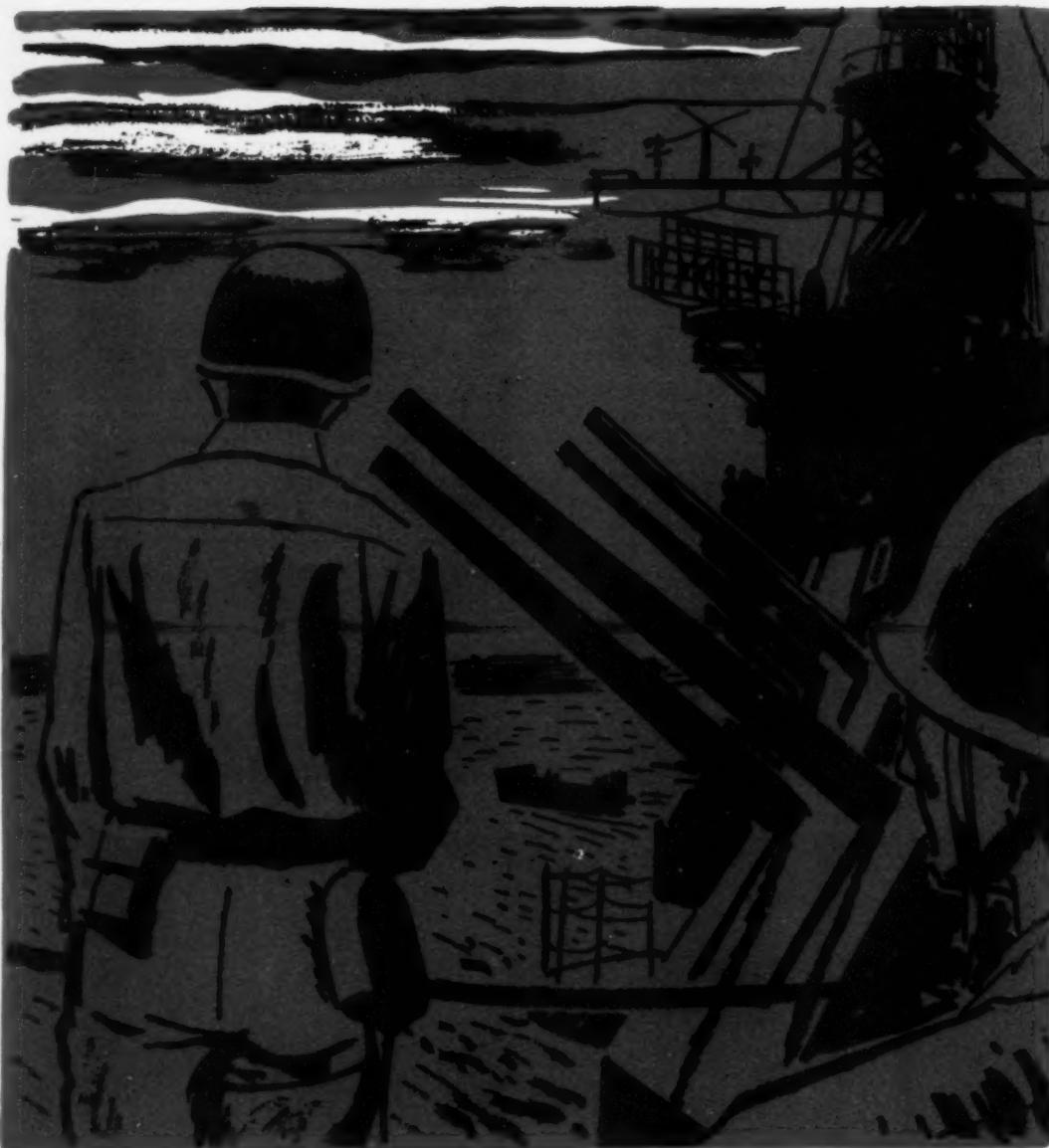
He leaned forward to the bulletin board where copies of the Top's memoranda to the detachment were still posted. The captain took one off and read it in a low voice:

"Memorandum to All Hands: During our short stay at Pearl Harbor, it is expected that all hands will be given the opportunity for liberty ashore. While ashore here or at any other port, it is expected that all hands will conduct themselves in a manner that will reflect credit upon the service in general and the uniform of the United States Marine in particular."

The captain tossed the paper on the desk and leaned back in his chair. We smoked in silence awhile. Then he leaned forward on the desk and buried his face in his hands. I could just hear his voice, muffled and kind of choked up.

"This rotten war," he says. "This rotten, filthy, war."

END



nerves stretching 'till we were snapping at each other for trifles.

One night we didn't secure from Sunset Alert, and way over below the horizon we could see the glare of firing from the other part of our task force. We knew they were catching it. It came closer and closer, and finally there were Bogies all around us, and we were standing by to stations with that funny, cold-blue feeling in the stomach and the watery knees you get when you know they're going to come in on you out of the darkness.

"Stand by for air attack to port," the Donald Duck quacked, and we handed up clips and got set. We were in automatic, and the mount was weaving back and forth. Then the ship started executing all sorts of maneuvers, and the destroyer screen started firing. We watched the neon strings of shells going up into the air. I remember thinking how pretty it was, the whole sea lighted by the explosions, the tracers that started off green, then white,

come on sport, we're with you, we're all with you.

They passed over us. We ceased firing, and there was that noisy silence that follows an action at sea. I ducked off the mount and looked into the magazine. Their battle lanterns were burning, and in the dull red glow I saw the Top was flat on the deck. Two corpsmen were bending over him. I felt like crying.

Well, it was no use the captain talking to the medics after that. The Top was transferred to the beach when we got back in. He took it hard.

Everyone in the detachment found time to come around, shake his hand, and say something. Not a lot. Just, So-long, or, Be seeing you, or whatever it is you say to a guy you've served with, liked, and will never see again. A lot of Navy men came around too, old chiefs who knew a man when they saw one, and young officers he'd helped out. Even a couple of guys he'd sent to the brig for something or other came around to shake his hand.

the international

EDDY

SECRETARY of State Marshall's special assistant in charge of research and intelligence is a rugged veteran of two world wars who a few years ago got up from his big desk and said:

"I'm tired of being a college president. I want to be a Marine."

He is William A. Eddy, a retired colonel of Marines who is particularly well suited for the duties he assumed following the resignation of his predecessor, Dr. William L. Langer, while Jimmy Byrnes was Secretary of State. The colonel's undercover

by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen
Leatherneck Staff Writer

The colonel looks more like a football coach than a diplomat. He is short and stocky and his rugged features carry a deep tan acquired from the many years he has spent in the Near East. He walks with a slight limp, the result of a leg wound received in the first World War.

Until last July the colonel was the U. S. Minister to Saudi Arabia, a post he had held since early in 1944. He was the first man to bear the imposing title of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to that little known, but highly important, country.

The Middle Eastern areas were, even before 1944, familiar territory to Eddy, for he was born in Syria and spent much of his early life there. His parents were missionaries and young Bill lived in a town where the only English spoken was in the Eddy home. As a result he is one of the few men in this country who speaks Arabic fluently. His knowledge,



Born in Syria, Colonel Eddy served as the Naval Attaché at our embassy in Tangiers.

activities date back to 1917 when he was regimental intelligence officer of the Sixth Marines.

The State Department's intelligence service is extremely important at present. Organized on a geographical basis, its agents operate in four major theatres of the world, Latin America, Europe, the Near East and Africa, and the Far East. Representatives from each of these areas comprise a committee headed by Colonel Eddy as chairman.

The committee evaluates and reviews information gathered by the overseas staff and supervises all the intelligence work done by the Department. From this data Col. Eddy can advise Marshall on matters concerning intelligence in almost every country of the world. He sits in on the Department's semi-weekly staff meetings. The secret material he is able to produce at these conferences provides much of the background for the foreign policy of the U. S.

The Pearl Harbor investigations produced blunt criticisms of the armed services and the State Department for their lack of coordination in intelligence matters. Much has been done to remedy this. A central intelligence committee has been organized. Composed of members from the Army and Navy, and State Department, it works on intelligence problems that concern two or more of the services. It does any special work Marshall may assign it. Col. Eddy represents the State Department on this committee.

of that language, and of the traits and customs of the Near East, was to prove highly valuable to the Allies throughout the second World War.

When entry of this country into the war against the Central Powers became imminent in 1917 the Marine Corps undertook a campaign to interest young college grads in training for commissions. Three hundred were chosen from 30 universities. Bill Eddy, who had received his BA from Princeton late in 1916, was one of the ten selected from the product of old Nassau.

This group comprised the first Officers Candidate class to go through Quantico. Completing his training, Eddy was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Reserve and, shortly after the outbreak of war for the U. S., accepted a commission in the regulars and went to France where the famous Second Division was being formed.

The new lieutenant was attached to Headquarters company of the Sixth Marines as regimental intelligence officer. It was here that he got his first taste of undercover work. In those days combat intelligence consisted of two main tasks, the constant observation of enemy activities from vantage points behind our own lines, and patrol and reconnaissance work. Much of the fighting then was the static type of trench warfare. Before an offensive could get underway, patrols had to probe the enemy's lines for weak points. Prisoners were a vital necessity in getting an accurate picture of the enemy situation.

Lieutenant Eddy engaged in many a sortie into "No Man's Land." For the excellent results he obtained during the month of June, 1918, he received the Navy Cross and the Army Distinguished Service Cross. He was promoted to captain following Belleau Wood, and became brigade intelligence officer. Double pneumonia brought him down very shortly after that and he spent the rest of the war in the hospital. He was retired from service in 1919.

Captain Eddy returned to Princeton where he received his degree of doctor of philosophy in English literature. Then followed five years in the Middle East, his old stamping ground, in the role of an English professor at the American University in Cairo. In 1928 he returned to the United States to

An ex-colonel, this expert on the Far East did the first OSS work in Africa



Colonel Eddy sits in on the State Department's semi-weekly staff meetings, advising the Secretary on intelligence in almost every country in the world. He was once our minister to Saudi Arabia.

teach at Dartmouth, where he later became Dean of Men. He held this position until 1936, when he accepted the presidency of Hobart College in Geneva, N. Y. In June, 1941, he decided to leave the halls of learning to once more become a Marine.

His first assignment took him back to the Middle East. Six months before this nation entered the Second World War he was the naval attache at Cairo, the only American military representative permanently stationed there. His job was to study the tactics used by the Royal Navy in the Mediterranean, and the measures the British were taking in defending our lend-lease shipments.

The colonel was no armchair strategist. He managed to make a trip into Tobruk harbor on a supply ship at a time when this tiny bastion of Allied defense was completely surrounded by Rommel's powerful Afrika Corps. He made several trips aboard British subs on sweeps through hostile waters.

After several months in Cairo he was transferred to Tangiers, Morocco, again as a naval attache. At this particular time there was much speculation on whether the Germans would attack Gibraltar. From his vantage point in Tangiers the colonel was able to give much valuable information to British agents concerning German plans and the measures to be taken in the defense of the rock.

IN THE U. S., meanwhile, a new undercover organization was being formed. It was called the Office of Strategic Services — the OSS. The joint chiefs of staff had picked North Africa as the site for the first Allied amphibious offensive in the European theatre of war. It was necessary to organize the French underground there and to set up communication systems. Because he was so familiar with the country, and problems that it would present in such an operation, Col. Eddy was a natural to lead the first group of OSS men arriving on the scene.

For this work the War Department presented him with the Legion of Merit. Much of the success of the operation may be attributed to the competence with which Col. Eddy discharged his duties, the citation reported.

In 1944 he was once again retired from the Corps, this time in order that he might become Minister to Saudi Arabia. His mission was strictly civilian in nature. That country's army is very small and used chiefly for police duty. There was, at that time at least, little in Arabia to concern an emissary of this nation's military.

The Eddys are a Marine family. The colonel's eldest son, William A. Eddy, Jr., received his commission in the Corps in 1942 and only recently was discharged a captain. He served on Major General Clifton Cate's staff during the Saipan-Tinian operation. Wounded on Tinian, he won the Bronze Star for his action there. A few months later he took a company into Iwo Jima and there won the Navy Cross.

The only Eddy who is in the Corps at present is another son, Second Lieutenant John C. Eddy, who served with the Seventh Marines in China and is now back in the states.

END



As decorated as his pop, Captain W. A. Eddy, Jr., led an Iwo company, won the Navy Cross



CORP. LYNN MOORE
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

THOUSANDS of Marines are now Stateside sporting their newly acquired knowledge of the Orient. Among their tales of China duty, their ornate souvenirs and photographs, there is a salty vestige of their unique experience — fragments of the Chinese language. Their wives and girls are surprised and perplexed with gusty "ding hows" replacing trite, not-so-old "hubbas." Disregarding the effects of atabrine and prolonged gum-beating, China — its customs, language and hardships — will be written upon them for years to come.

From the time the Marine sets foot on Asia at Tangu, or Chinwangtao, to the day of his embarkation, he absorbs Chinese. Consciously or unconsciously he becomes a linguist through necessity. Chances are 1000 to one that he will learn but a very few of the 40,000 Chinese characters. All that is really necessary for ordinary use are a few Chinese words, pidgin English and the ability to shrug, distort face muscles, swear and gesticulate. To help those souls who will have the job of repatriating and understanding the China Marine, we will give herein the basic vocabulary of the China Hand — the dope on "Understanding Marine Chinese."

The first word usually learned upon arrival is the popular "ding how." This has many connotations. The most common one is "wonderful, good." The local Chinese of the younger set often point both thumbs up and shout to passing Marines, "Ding How!" The Marines, in turn, see a well-stacked Chinese "goonya" or White Russian and exclaim, "ding how." With its various voice inflections, this will be a popular phrase among home-coming veterans. The counterpart of "ding how" is "bu how," meaning "terrible, bad." Many find this an aid in bickering with bargain-minded merchants.

Bargaining is the national Chinese pastime. After spending two hours arguing over a silk robe, several Marines have been known to speak pidgin-English in their sleep and almost get surveyed. "Tai-gwee" is also a useful phrase in bargaining — "that's too much." Whenever a Marine attempts to purchase some object he must first ask the merchant, "How much?" or in Chinese, "Duo-sow-chen?" The merchant then quotes a price. The Marine says, "Bu how, tai-gwee," and quotes a price 50 per cent lower. They both then heckle until each is satisfied. No one should buy at the "first price," but should bicker for a bargain. Many a Stateside shop owner will find discriminating civilians who learned bargaining the hard way in China.

Unknowingly, thousands of Marine troops have answered roll call with a salty "yo!", not knowing that it is Chinese for "yes" with an American accent. Few use the words "yes" or "no" in Chinese be-

MARINE CHINESE

cause an emphatic nod or shake of the head more than serves the purpose. However, the phrase "may-o," meaning "no" to the average Chinese, is useful to know.

Practically every street in Northern Chinese cities crawls with foot rickshas and peddy-cabs. If a Marine solves his transportation problems by taking a ricksha he usually runs into a bit of misunderstanding. A small knowledge of Chinese and a pair of limber arms can do wonders in simplifying directions. If one is pestered by the multitudes of ricksha boys a loud "wo bu ya" or just "bu ya," meaning "I don't want," will usually settle matters. This phrase is also handy in dealing with persistent street peddlers. If it is determined to make the 2300 curfew, a pleading "kwi-kwi," "hurry" or "quick," will often get results. A phrase such as this has saved many from EPD.

The "comashaw boy" is a common sight. "Comashaw" is Chinese for "give me." These boys, and sometimes young girls and old people, shout "comashaw, no eatee, no monee;" or, among the younger generation, "comashaw, no eatee, no monee, no flight pay, no points." The American is naturally touched by these people and offers a small contribution. After serving a little time in China and watching the scores that confront a fellow daily, one soon sees the uselessness of such offerings. Marines have adapted the word and changed its meaning to "requisition," "take" and "money."

In dealing with the fairer sex little Chinese is necessary for the average Marine. "Ni how," a common greeting meaning "hello," and "ding how," have started many friendships. Speaking of friendships, "pung yo," Chinese for "friend," is in universal use by Marines. Sino-American relations have often been bettered by a casual "wo ni nee." This phrase has familiar foreign counterparts such as "je t'aime," "amo te," "ich liebe dich," "quiere a usted," and "I love you."

A few phrases of the more violent and indiscreet type have been picked up by China Hands. Some of these have the desirable effects upon the otherwise stoic and placid orientals. Printable among these are "dwo-kai" and "tzo." The former phrase, meaning "get out of the way," is popular with urban jeep and motor transport drivers. The latter is employed by Marines on guard duty and simply means, "get the hell out of here."

Marines who have been in China have thrown aside many of their "Meguoren" — American expressions for novel Chinese phrases and exchanged their customary restraint for the motions of a whirling dervish. While China duty may be "ding how" or "bu how" to them, they laugh about it later and amaze many with their stories and language in the good old U.S.A. END

by Sgt. Harry Poete
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent
Photos by Corp. William Mellerup
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

THE Marine Corps experienced its first major expansion in World War I, during which time many new practices and institutions were added. One of these, destined to become immensely popular in World War II, was the camp newspaper. It was primarily conceived and designed to take the place of thousands of hometown newspapers and to disseminate news and information to the troops. And, while this was the first time such an undertaking was considered important enough to warrant the time and money it would cost, such newspapers soon proved their value. They became very popular with the men in training camps and at the battle fronts.

Several of these newspapers continued to be printed throughout the first war, but few survived its end. Those that did, and a number started between the two wars, rapidly became a popular medium through which to keep in touch with friends and former stations. This was possible because the Corps was then small enough for everyone to know everyone else. News of promotions, transfers, and anything else that affected a Marine, was avidly read by the other 15,999 Marines.

What Marine with service in China, during the heyday of the old Fourth, doesn't remember the *Walla Walla* and the news it contained about "Stinky" Davis, "Killer" Kane, "Barbwire" Holmes, and hundreds of other Marines then stationed in Shanghai? Copies of this paper were always at a premium among Marines anywhere else in the world.

American Embassy Marines in north China were not without a paper, either. In fact, until the guard at Tientsin was reduced, there were two — *The Tientsin Marine* and *The Peiping Marine*. Afterwards these were combined and one paper was printed for all Marines and Navy personnel in that area. It was named the *North China Marine*, published at the American Embassy in Peiping.

Late in 1941 the gathering clouds of war had already sent the Fourth Marines to the Philippines and forced the suspension of the *Walla Walla*. The last issue of the old *North China Marine* appeared on November 10, 1941 — the 166th birthday of the Marine Corps. Later a reactivated *North China*



Corporal Plato Davenport spots a misplaced story and tells his head printer about it. The Chinese don't worry about make up. NCM's deadlines sometimes become a newspaper nightmare

Marine was to be read by more Marines in China than had been in the entire Corps before the war. Once again this paper had become a quick and simple method of disseminating news and Corps information to thousands of Marines scattered over north China.

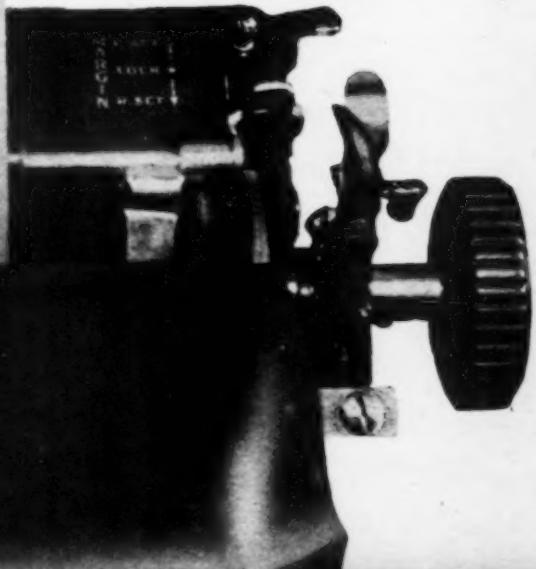
When the paper was first revived, an attempt was made to follow the old practice of carrying as much news as possible about Marines in China. But now there were few in the Corps who knew many other Marines than those serving in their own outfits and the new *North China Marine* gradually switched to a policy of publishing a more complete coverage of world-wide news. This was approved by a ma-

jority of its readers, since they had no other means of keeping abreast with current world events. Then, in more recent months, the paper partly retraced its steps and was devoting half of its space to the more important events in world news, and the rest to Marines in China.

In the year and a half since the paper was reactivated, some 20 Marines fought the "Battle of the Underwood" on its staff. All the earlier members of the staff except one man have returned to the States, a majority of them for discharge. The man remaining is the most recent officer in charge, Lieutenant R. D. Lyons, and one who helped to get the paper started again after the Marines had returned to north China.

Those early issues weren't too easy to get out. The staff was small — three men. The other two were Corporal Victor Bumagin and Sergeant William Martin Camp, a Marine Corps combat correspondent and author of the books, "Retreat Hell" and "Skip To My Lou." They were short on everything it takes to publish a newspaper except for their know-how and determination.

NORTH CHINA MARINE





A famous old Corps newspaper found its way back into print after four years as a wartime casualty

Their first office was one bare room in the old Carlowitz building, previously occupied by the Japanese Army. It was furnished with a small stove, a table and one chair. A telephone which worked intermittently was the only modern feature of the office. One portable typewriter, much the worse for hard usage, had to serve all three of the staff in writing their stories. Many copies of these first issues had to be sacrificed to heat the bitterly cold room, while others went to fill chinks in the old walls and to plug windows with broken panes.

When preparations were begun for the first edition there was some doubt as to where the newsprint was coming from. There was an acute shortage in China, and Lyons and Co. had not come prepared to go into the publishing business. The problem was temporarily solved a few days later when some Marines reported finding a large Japanese warehouse in which a quantity of this needed paper was stored. And, since Chinese printers were also very low on paper, they were glad to accept part of this stock from the Marines in payment for printing the reviving newspaper. This was fortunate, since the Marines had no funds with which to pay for the printing.

During the early difficulties, which included everything the fates could think of, the budding pub-

lishers had the invaluable aid of a former Marine corporal who had been living in China since being paid off more than 15 years before. Bernard S. Rogard, at present the publisher of the English-language *Tientsin Evening Journal*, spent a lot of time away from his own business in an effort to help the Marines get started. He had been a prisoner of the Japanese during the war and had been interned in the Weichen POW camp until just before the Marines arrived in Tientsin.

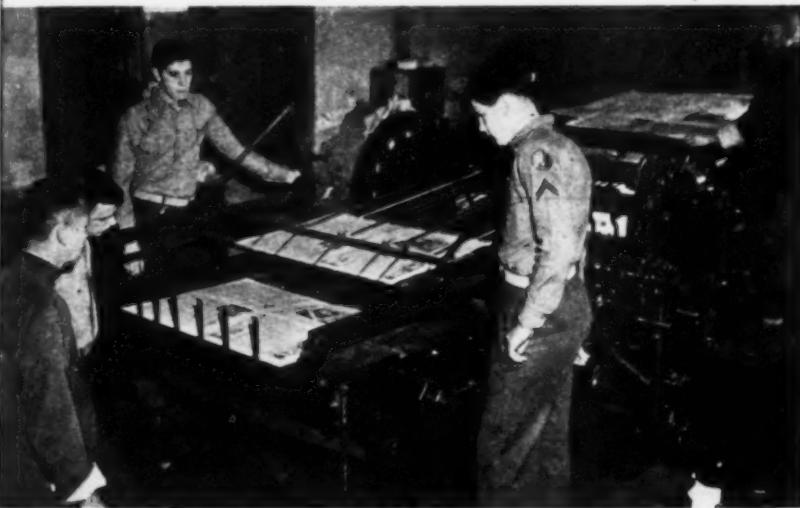
ANY new publication encounters many difficulties but few have had to face the language barrier Marines had to contend with in turning out the *North China Marine*. The English language seems to confound Chinese printers, or vice versa, particularly when they neither speak nor understand the words they set into type. Sometimes the Marines would have to read and correct the same proofs a dozen times before an edition could be printed.

With all the type set and finally corrected the make up headaches would begin. Each story was supposed to be placed at a predetermined spot in the paper, and by signs and the drawing of pictures Lamb, Lyons and Bumagin would try and convey to the head printer — known to the Marines only as "No. 1" — the necessary information. But the

chances of it appearing where they wanted it were slight.

Despite the confusion, the paper never missed a deadline. This is a remarkable accomplishment, particularly in view of the uncertain electrical power situation which prevails in Tientsin. There was a shortage of coal and many times the electricity would be shut off just when the *North China Marine* was on the press. This made it necessary for everyone to stay on the job all night, waiting for the moment the power came back on. There were so many recurrences of obstacles that getting the paper out on time each week became an obsession with the staff.

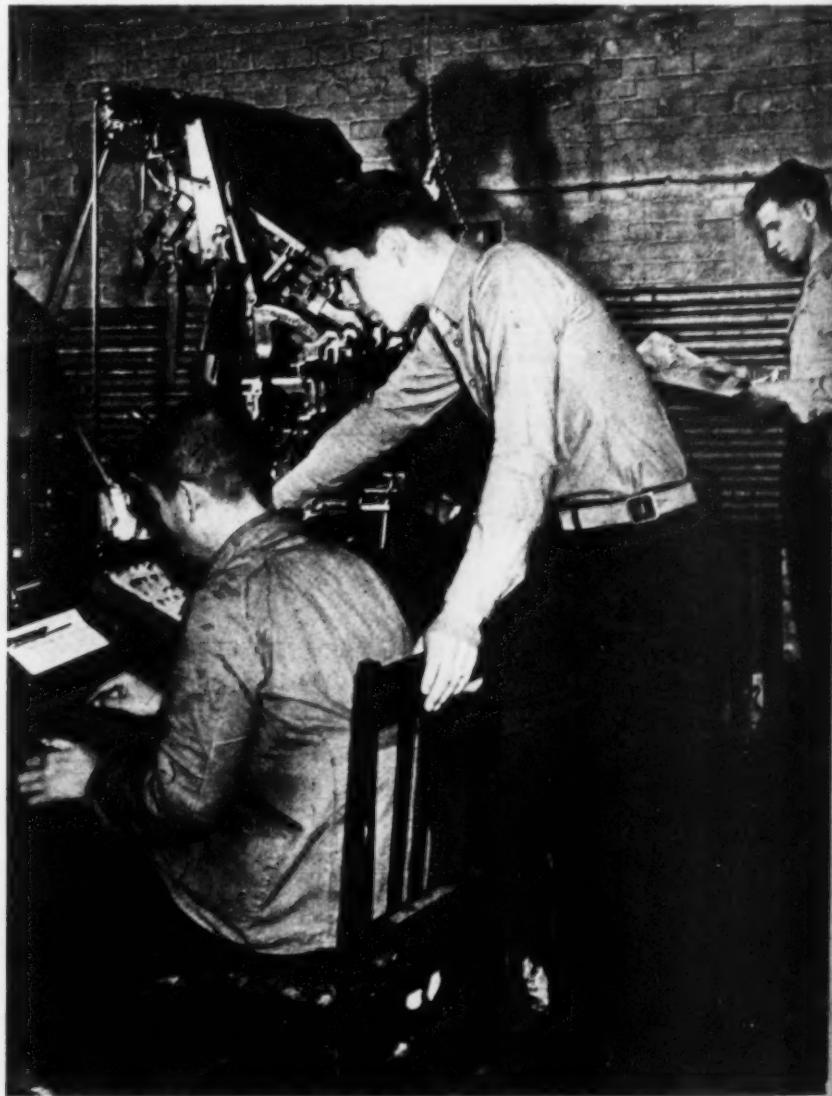
The *North China Marine* was circulated to thousands of Marines and other Americans in north China, and to other subscribers throughout the eastern hemisphere. Few newspapers have a more diversified method of delivering papers. Airplanes dropped them to isolated groups of Marines in the boondocks. Ships, trains, jeeps, rickshaws, mule-carts and pedestrian carriers got them around elsewhere. Each week 75 copies went to Mukden, Manchuria, where the United States Information Service made them available to the English-speaking people of that city. It is one of the very few newspapers they ever got to see. A number went to the universi-



A paper run is checked as it comes off the press. When the power fails, Marines and Chinese stand by until it comes on



Lieutenant R. D. Lyons, the only original member of the NCM staff, turns over an assignment to Corporal Lee Fowler



Corporal Henry Arrighi (near camera) and Private Robert K. Souther help the Chinese linotype men correct garbled copy

NORTH CHINA MARINE (cont.)



Managing Editor Arrighi and Souther, copy editor, shoulder all responsibility for deadlines. The paper hasn't missed one yet



Lieutenant Lyons confers with officials of the Tientsin Press, Ltd., which has printed all but a few copies of the publication

ties and colleges of Mukden, where students studied them as a practical lesson in the English language. Few English textbooks have been available to these schools since the Japanese occupied Manchuria in 1931, forcing discontinuance of English classes. The *North China Marine* was substituted for such textbooks last year when classes were first resumed.

A recruiting officer in Syracuse, N. Y., once wrote Lieut. Lyons a letter complimenting the staff on their paper, commenting that it was one of the most popular newspapers in his office. Men planning to join the Corps were the most interested.

The English-speaking Chinese in Tientsin were very much interested in the paper, but it was difficult for them to obtain since distribution was permitted only to Marines and official quarters. But, despite this, you can always seem to find a copy in any number of Chinese homes, or see it being read on

the street — passed on to them by Marine friends.

The *North China Marine* didn't claim all the credit for lowering high prices charged Marines by Chinese restaurants, but its staff liked to think the paper helped. Even when inflation had sent prices soaring the Marines were paying two and three times the quoted value of a meal everywhere in Tientsin. One day a reporter from the NCM interviewed a number of restaurant managers, announcing he was seeking material for an article. A few days later, before anything appeared in print, the Tientsin city government issued books of chits that would allow Marines a 20 per cent reduction in their meal checks. This helped to get the price of steak back down into the Waldorf category.

When demobilization cost the *Stars and Stripes* their most experienced men, the *North China Marine* loaned them Sergeant John O. Davies, for

a time, to serve as its editor in Shanghai. He remained with the Army publication for several months, until he also became eligible for discharge. Perhaps this gesture was one of the greatest reasons for the *Stars and Stripes*' gift of their huge stock of newpaper when their China edition was discontinued. Whatever the reason, it put the Marines ahead of their biggest worry. They had plenty of paper after that.

Started on a shoestring, the *North China Marine* was in anything but a delicate position at this writing. Its books showed a balance of nearly \$100,000, most of which was earmarked for Special Services. On its pages have been written the history of thousands of Marines sent to north China to help disarm and repatriate more than a million Japanese.

END



NCM's far-flung circulation carries it all over north China as well as to subscribers scattered throughout the eastern hemisphere. It

is delivered by every available means including jeep, plane, boat, train, rickshaw and mule cart. A school in Mukden uses it as a text



The Pie'd Typer's

(EDITOR'S NOTE: — John Davies, who wrote this piece, was probably the only Marine who ever worked on the Army's Stars and Stripes, on lend-lease to the Army. Later he was recalled by the Corps to become news editor of The North China Marine in Tientsin. On both publications he found that a Chinese fire drill has nothing on a Chinese composing room. Listen to him tell it.)

THERE is only one trouble with Chinamen. They speak Chinese. And brother, if you think that complaint is unreasonable, you've just never tried to meet a deadline on an American newspaper in China.

During seven months on Stars and Stripes and The North China Marine, I've found the natives in Oriental composing rooms entirely too composed for efficiency. Shriek and bellow, hurl type to the deck, rip up the page proofs in rage . . . you simply cannot unscrew the natives' imperturbability or their indifference to the English language. This causes headaches with every headline.

Take, for example, the time we wished to run a caption announcing: "Nanking, Outwardly Calm, Has Acute Housing Problem." To shorten the lines, we changed "acute" to "big." Then, crossing our fingers, we gave the copy to our Chinese printer. He vanished into the composing room and soon returned, smiling with confidence. The bottom line now read (so help me): "Has Acute Big Housi." We made corrections a second time, only to get this back: "Has Big Housi Ng Prob."

Finally, tearing our hair, we put additional marks on the proof, and our Chinese friend went back to his trays. His last effort was magnificent: "Has Big Housin G Prob Lem."

But this was just a warm-up for the brilliant creation offered our readers a few weeks later. In bold type, it announced to the world:

"STATESIDE WEBBALL ROUNDUP OF THE BASEK"

We still haven't figured how this imaginative head was conjured out of our dull type trays. But to the ingenious Chinese, nothing is quite impossible.

In the face of such difficulties, we resorted to every possible safeguard and every method of communication short of smoke signals. We learned to tell our No. 1 fellow to put



such and such a story "topside" or "bottom-side," interspersing our amateur gibberish with sign language. We learned to check, double check and re-check to catch our errors. Despite such care, our Chinese staff continued to show endless ingenuity and originality. Occasionally, they outdid themselves.

One such eye-stopper proved highly embarrassing. The whole thing came about because our proofreader decided to cut a story to make it fit on the bottom. The result was this smashing windup:

"Tojo's lawyer, rising excitedly to his feet, told the commission: . . ."

Period. That was the end of the story. What Tojo's barrister said remained a mystery to the 30,000 readers of Stars and Stripes to the bitter end. We were fed up, pretty soon, with folks who came to us smirking, and asked:

"What in hell did Tojo's lawyer say?"

If our Chinese compositors were unable to distinguish "n's," let us say, from "u's," their inbred courtesy prevented them from troubling us about the matter. They just went ahead and set something on their own initiative. This began to cause considerable trouble when we picked up an Army PFC who made master sergeant in spite of (or because of?) handwriting that resembled a second-grade scrawl. Pursing their lips over his penmanship, the boys in the back room came up with "4ede7loreweut?"

"Damn!" cried the master sergeant in a rage when he read it. "Anyone could see I wrote it down 'redeployment!'"

All these atrocities, mind you, were committed while the clock was ticking relentlessly toward a deadline. Yet somehow, we usually managed to get the sheet made up in more or less readable fashion within the short space of two hours. There was one ghastly exception when it took us ten hours. On this occasion, the composing room force decided they had a yen for more yen. So they voted to stage a slowdown and pulled off a strike that would have done credit to sophisticated Stateside unions. Make-up men dropped headlines all over the joint. They pied stories in rapid succession. One linotype operator spent two hours putting four paragraphs into metal.

We sweated out that ten hours without losing face. We put the paper out. But the Chinese didn't lose face, either. They got their pay boosted.

LINE-UP FOR '47

by Sgt. Spencer D. Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

AT THE close of the 1946 season, even before the resounding cheers, and jeers, of the World Series had died out, the attention of most fans was focused, not toward the next season, but toward the annual winter meeting of the baseball magnates, scheduled for Los Angeles. For it was at this meeting — the Hot Stove Circuit, as it is called — that most big league teams were to be revitalized for the 1947 season. The usually gentle trade winds were to be of hurricane proportions.

During the war years the fans put up with major league baseball not because it was major league in caliber, for it was not, but because, for some reason or other, a baseball fan loves the old game, and was willing to put up with the travails of war.

Came 1946, the first postwar year, the year all the big stars would be back, restoring the big leagues to their bigness. The fans came in droves; attendance records were broken in every city and the owners had to requisition extra tills to handle the cash. But before the season was over the fans knew that what they were looking at was still a bit short of recognized major league standards.

There were plenty of legitimate excuses offered. The stars were rusty; one could hardly expect them to step right in where they had left off a few years earlier. The plaintive wails of the fans of both leagues were the same. "Wait'll next year, wait'll they have another year under their belts and are back in shape." Or, "Wait'll the winter trades come along, there'll be tradin' galore; and with the kids coming up from the minors, we can't miss." Said every fan: "We can't miss next year!"

The fans on the other side of the ditch, over in Brooklyn, probably wailed a bit more blatantly than any of the others. That tie at the end of last season and the subsequent play-off, with the Cards winning, was too much for the average Dodger rooter. This year, admirers of the Bums want the Cards' scalps, with Eddie Dyer's whole head included. It is fitting then, that the cartoon adorning the cover of the 1947 Brooklyn roster should depict the traditionally bedraggled tramp figure, the burnt out stubby cigar in the corner of his mouth, saying, with surprise, "Hey, dis is next year!"

What happened at the winter meeting? Did the trade winds blow? There wasn't puff enough to snuff a match at one pace. At its conclusion the word went out, "Wait'll after the first of the year, things will really pop then; there were plenty of arrangements made, but the owners want to wait until after the first of the year because of taxes." This seemed logical on the face of it. The owners, knee-deep in that green stuff from the greatest financially successful year ever, wanted to spread any new trade money over into a new tax period. The first of the year came, and went, and the truth was out. All the talk had merely been conjecture on the baseball writers' part.

It seems that everyone forgot that the minors also went to war and that they, at the end of 1946, were in the same, sad shape as the majors. There would be very few, if any, sensational rookies coming up. The moguls hoped those who were up for a try would be at least average, and with such little strength coming up from the farms, why should they trade any that they had in hand? This reluctance was pronounced in both leagues; it was a fear of unwittingly strengthening an opponent. So, for 1947 there will be comparatively few new faces in the various line-ups, or familiar faces in strange uniforms.

The raids staged during 1946 on both major circuits by the Mexican League did lead to new benefits for the players. A new contract and pension plan were approved. Major leaguers are now assured

MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1946	1947 (Selections)
Boston	Boston
Detroit	New York
New York	Detroit
Washington	Chicago
Chicago	Cleveland
Cleveland	Washington
St. Louis	St. Louis
Philadelphia	Philadelphia

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1946	1947 (Selections)
St. Louis	St. Louis
Brooklyn	Brooklyn
Chicago	Boston
Boston	New York
Philadelphia	Philadelphia
Cincinnati	Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh	Chicago
New York	Cincinnati

to call it quits, but he reconsidered after much negotiation with the Pittsburgh bosses, one of whom is Hank's good friend, Bing Crosby. The Pirates were prepared to offer Greenberg up to \$100,000 for a one-year contract. If they were prepared to go that high, it's a cinch the Bronx slugger got them up over the \$80,000 mark. Until the exact amounts of these contracts are known, the old bambino, Babe Ruth, is still top man.

Taking the teams in the order in which we think they will finish the 1947 season, we find few changes in personnel and no indication there will be any drastic jumps in the standings for this year.

Boston Red Sox

THE Red Sox, out of Boston, seem as well off as ever. They were involved in few trades; there wasn't a chance of picking up any outstanding strength without giving up superior talent already on hand. They insured their catching department reserve by snatching Frankie Hayes from the Pale Hose for the waiver price. Defensively, they are weak at first and third, but big Rudy York's bat is counted on to offset his lack of fielding and running abilities. Mickey Rocco, former Cleveland, was brought up from the minors and may give Rudy a breather during the hot months, especially against right-handed pitching.

The second base-shortstop combination, Bobby Doerr and Johnny Pesky, the strongest in the league, will go on for years. It is expected that "Rip" Russell will play third base most of the season, and while weak with the stick, he can handle the hot corner adequately. The outfield can take its place with the best. Williams, the lanky slugger, in left; the wee professor, Dom DiMaggio, in center; while in right, the rookie Sam Mele will carry the load, spelled occasionally by Wally Moses and Leon Culberson. Tom McBride and Metkovich make up the rest of the outfield reserve.

Behind the plate, Hal Wagner can count on a better season, now that Frankie Hayes is there to step in and furnish competent relief. The pitching staff is the one that carried them out in front with a 17-game lead last year—Boo Ferriss, Tex Hughson, Mickey Harris, Joe Dobson, Earl Johnson and Bill Zuber. Bill Butland and Randy Heflin, up for a second try from Louisville, may come through as occasional starters. Joe Cronin's only worry while at Sarasota, Fla., was in bringing them around into shape gradually.

Most of Cronin's competition for the flag will again come from Detroit and New York. Who can forget the ding-dong battle the Tigers and Yanks put on in the stretch for second place? At the present time the Bronx Bombers look the better of the two although both aggregations are going into the campaign with a four leaf clover and rabbit's foot in their back pockets.

New York Yankees

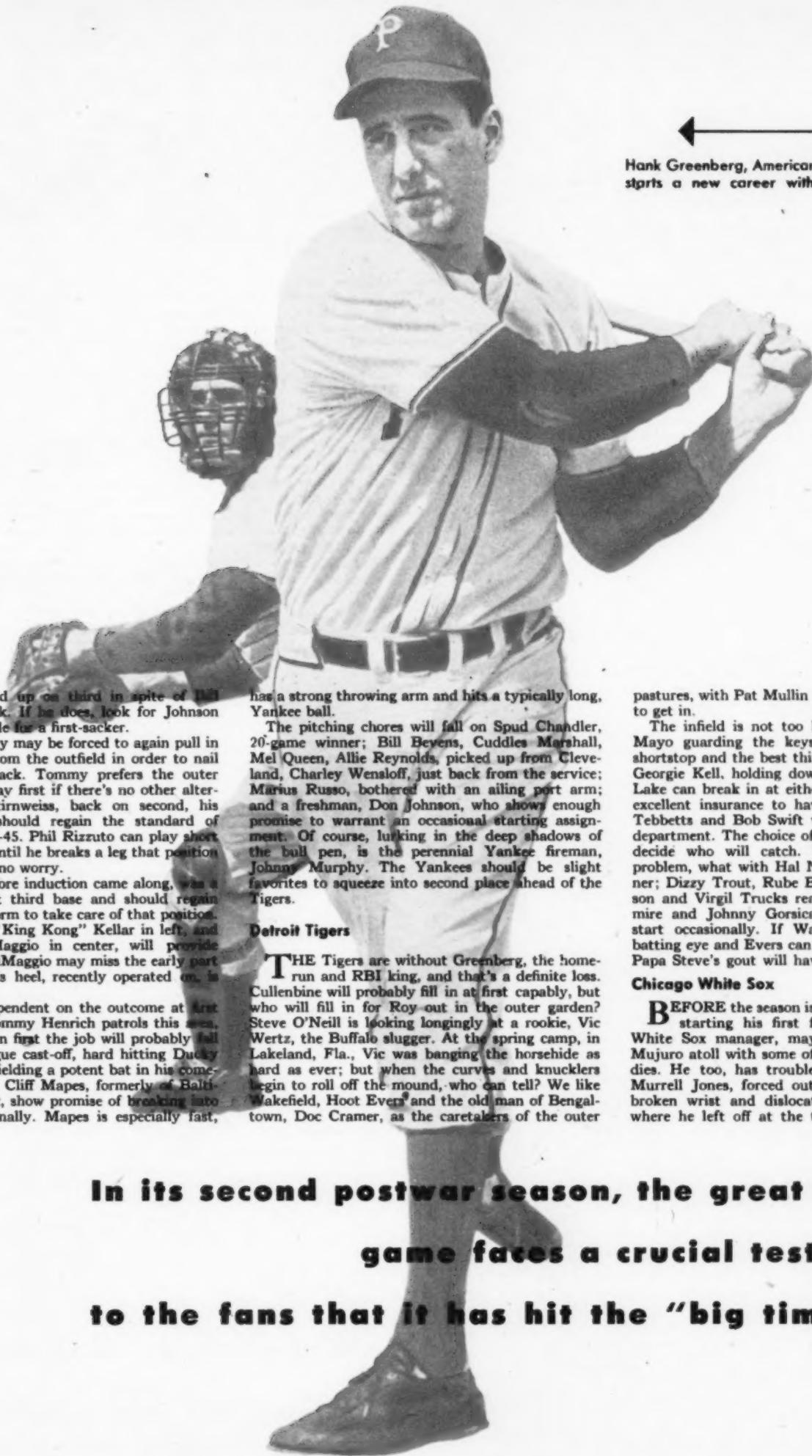
BUCKY HARRIS, in his first year as Yankee manager, will have just as many troubles as the Detroit manager. The Bomber's bench will be loaded with baseball brains, with Harris, Chuck Dressen and John Corriden, the latter two former Dodger coaches, holding it down. There isn't much they can do, however, if some of the question marks aren't erased. First base is wide open and it may stay that way all season. Nick Etten and Steve Souchock are in the running for the job, along with George McQuinn, the latter a Fancy Dan defensively, but one who has a small bat. Bobby Brown, a shortstop, up from the Newark farm, will get a whirl at the job, but he too is a question mark.

they will not be cut more than 25 per cent below their previous year's pay on a contract renewal. A minimum salary of \$5000 was set; the ten-day clause on termination of a contract was eliminated; reasonable hospital and other medical expenses, incurred through injury while playing, will be paid by the club; and when transfer is ordered during a season, moving expenses up to \$500 are provided. There are other benefits for preseason practices and postseason play. Beginning next year, spring training will not be held earlier than March 1. The postseason period for barnstorming has been upped from ten days to 30.

The Mexican scare seems to be over. Los Caballeros del Mejico are having a little difficulty in lining up most of the talent they lured below the border in 1946, chiefly because they are not offering the sort of dough the second year that they did the first. Those major leaguers who were entertaining thoughts of playing Mexican baseball in 1947 will probably hesitate when they catch that pitch.

As of this writing, the big news has been the signing of the big-money players. Cleveland's Bob Feller will get around \$65,000, plus an attendance bonus deal. This may give him a chance to exceed Ruth's \$80,000 annual stipend. Ted Williams, Red Sox slugger, was supposed to have inked an agreement calling for about \$60,000, with certain bonus details. Hal Newhouser, Detroit's leading tosser, was reported satisfied with "in the vicinity of \$55,000." The big money man of the year in baseball may turn out to be Hank Greenberg, who was sold to the Pittsburgh Pirates by Detroit for \$40,000 before the spring trek got underway. After 13 years in the American League, old Hankus Spankus was waived out of that circuit, not because he lacked the ability, but because most of the clubs who could have used him couldn't afford his pay bite. The one club which could have paid him got nothing but a deaf ear from the Bengals' boss. Why should the senior Briggs sell a possible pennant to the Yankees when their main competition during the coming season will come from that sector.

At first, when he was sold, Greenberg threatened



Hank Greenberg, American League home run king, starts a new career with the Pirates this year

He may even wind up on third in spite of Bill Johnson's comeback. If he does, look for Johnson to be used in a trade for a first-sacker.

In the end, Bucky may be forced to again pull in Tommy Henrich from the outfield in order to nail down the initial sack. Tommy prefers the outer garden, but will play first if there's no other alternative. Georgie Stirnweiss, back on second, his natural position, should regain the standard of play he set in 1944-45. Phil Rizzuto can play short for any team and until he breaks a leg that position should give Bucky no worry.

Bill Johnson, before induction came along, was a rookie sensation at third base and should regain enough of his old form to take care of that position. The outfield with "King Kong" Kellar in left, and "Joltin" Joe DiMaggio in center, will provide plenty of punch. DiMaggio may miss the early part of the season if his heel, recently operated on, is slow in healing.

Right field is dependent on the outcome at first base. Normally, Tommy Henrich patrols this area, but if he remains on first the job will probably fall to a National League cast-off, hard hitting Ducky Medwick, who is wielding a potent bat in his comeback. Two rookies, Cliff Mapes, formerly of Baltimore, and Al Clark, show promise of breaking into the line-up occasionally. Mapes is especially fast,

has a strong throwing arm and hits a typically long, Yankee ball.

The pitching chores will fall on Spud Chandler, 20-game winner; Bill Beyens, Cuddles Marshall, Mel Queen, Allie Reynolds, picked up from Cleveland, Charley Wensloff, just back from the service; Marius Russo, bothered with an ailing port arm; and a freshman, Don Johnson, who shows enough promise to warrant an occasional starting assignment. Of course, lurking in the deep shadows of the bull pen, is the perennial Yankee fireman, Johnny Murphy. The Yankees should be slight favorites to squeeze into second place ahead of the Tigers.

Detroit Tigers

THE Tigers are without Greenberg, the home-run and RBI king, and that's a definite loss. Cullenbine will probably fill in at first capably, but who will fill in for Roy in the outer garden? Steve O'Neill is looking longingly at a rookie, Vic Wertz, the Buffalo slugger. At the spring camp, in Lakeland, Fla., Vic was banging the horsehide as hard as ever; but when the curves and knucklers begin to roll off the mound, who can tell? We like Wakefield, Hoot Evers⁴ and the old man of Bengaltown, Doc Cramer, as the caretakers of the outer

pastures, with Pat Mullin and young Wertz waiting to get in.

The infield is not too bad: Cullenbine on first, Mayo guarding the keystone, Skeeter Webb at shortstop and the best thirdsacker of either league, Georgie Kell, holding down the hot corner. Eddie Lake can break in at either second or short and is excellent insurance to have on the bench. Birdie Tebbetts and Bob Swift will handle the receiving department. The choice of the starting pitcher will decide who will catch. The tossers present no problem, what with Hal Newhouser, 26-game winner; Dizzy Trout, Rube Benton, Freddie Hutchinson and Virgil Trucks ready to go. Stubby Overmire and Johnny Gorsica, capable firemen, may start occasionally. If Wakefield can recover his batting eye and Evers can stay off the binnacle list, Papa Steve's gout will have no cause to "act up."

Chicago White Sox

BEFORE the season is half over, Teddy Lyons, starting his first full season as Chicago's White Sox manager, may wish he was back on Mujuro atoll with some of his former Marine buddies. He too, has troubles at first and third. If Murrell Jones, forced out early last year with a broken wrist and dislocated elbow, can pick up where he left off at the time of his injuries, the

In its second postwar season, the great American game faces a crucial test—proving to the fans that it has hit the "big time" again

LINE-UP FOR '47 (cont.)

problem may be solved. Big Don Kolloway, jack-of-all-infield-trades, is also working out around the initial corner. Dan Phalan, six-foot-six-inch rookie, grabbed by Scout Mule Haas from Joe Stripp's baseball school in Orlando, Fla., is expected to be farmed out for further experience.

Coaching these prospects will be 42-year-old Joe Kuhel, who is expected to fill in occasionally, especially at Yankee Stadium, where Joe is deeply in love with that short right field fence. Cass Michaels is a definite starter at second, where he operated during the last half of last season and teamed with Appling to lead the league in double-plays. The old Luker, sometimes called the "Ageless Appling," can throw his glove out in the deep short infield any time. But Lyons is toying with the idea of moving him to third in an effort to straighten out the tangle in that corner. If that shift is made, it may give the Luker a breathing spell, which will be welcome as this is Appling's 17th season with the Sox. With Luke on third, it will be Wallaesa, formerly with the A's, at the short field, after a tight battle with Floyd Baker. If Luke remains at short, Dario Lodigiani, Wallaesa and Baker will wrestle for the hot corner job.

The outfield and pitching chores are the least of Ted's troubles. Dave Philley will be in left, Thurman Tucker patrolling center, and the veteran Taft Wright in right field. The reserves are strong. They include Bill Kennedy, aiding in right; Skurski, long ball belting rookie; Delsing, former Milwaukee slugger; and the tried Ralph Hodgin, who can help in the other sectors. The pitchers who compiled the league-leading totals for 1946 are back aided by the acquisition of Rufus Red Ruffing, former

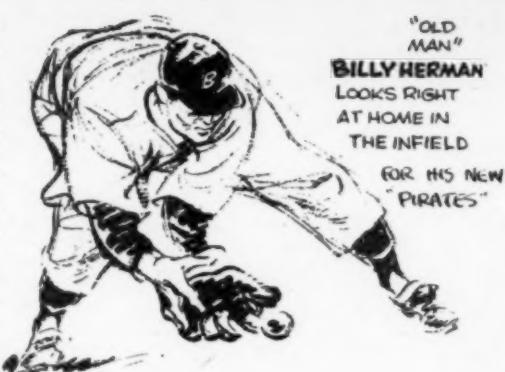
Yankee star, and the return of Thornton Lee, veteran portisider, who was out last year with a chipped elbow.

Ed Lopat, Grove and Rigney are expected to take the mound every four days. Lee, Ruffing and Edgar Smith will be reserved for one-a-week efforts, probably those Sunday double-headers. Competent to start are Papish and Joe Haynes, and those two very capable relief men, Maltzberger and Caldwell. This is probably the best all-around staff in either league. The veteran Mike Tresh will hold down the number one catching spot, with George Dickey, who has understudied Tresh for years, and Joe Stephenson, recently obtained from the crosstown Cubs, offering relief. In spite of that infield tangle, Ted should scoot them into the fourth spot, behind Detroit. We think the pitching will do it.

Cleveland Indians

WHEN Bill Veeck, ex-Marine and former Milwaukee owner-showman, took over the driver's seat in Cleveland, the only people who knew what to expect were the esteemed citizens of the Brewer city. To them the added entertainment, pre-game, inter-inning and between games, was strictly routine. The Clevelanders weren't so sure they'd like it. After all, baseball is baseball and a carnival normally should be confined to the Midway at the State Fair.

What happened? The fans, for years used to "straight" baseball, found themselves going back for more. Ladies flocked through the gates for nylons; track fans stormed the portals to see George Case force Jesse Owens to a 0.9.9 hundred-yard dash, both heavily clothed in baseball gear. The Indians' followers grew by the hundreds; people who hadn't been to the park for years suddenly



discovered that the Tribe was still representing Cleveland in the American League.

Bill Veeck said he'd give the town a winner and do everything in his power to serve up a pennant as soon as possible. His acquisitions weren't too outstanding, but he did plug up vital spots in the infield.

He can't be scored for not trying, but he, too, ran into the reluctance to trade that is so predominant this year.

Lou Boudreau, manager, who has the new owner's full confidence, is a fixture at shortstop. At first, the veteran Fleming is staging a barroom brawl with Heinz Becker. Becker, up from Nashville in the closing weeks of last year, is a long-ball hitter. With his big, potent bat, Bill Robinson, leading first-sacker from the International League, is in the midst of the battle. Whoever gets the job, rest assured it will be well taken care of.

Joe Gordon, secured from the Yankees in a trade, should make that center portion of the infield as formidable as any. A better double-play combine will be hard to find. Out from under the Yankee influence, where he was discontented and playing under a strain, his bat will probably take on more prominence than it has shown the last couple of years. The veteran Ken Keltner on third, insures a very stable infield. Every time a trade was mentioned, Keltner figured in it. When it was discovered that most other clubs wanted the veteran, it was decided he could do the most good to Cleveland right in their own back yard.

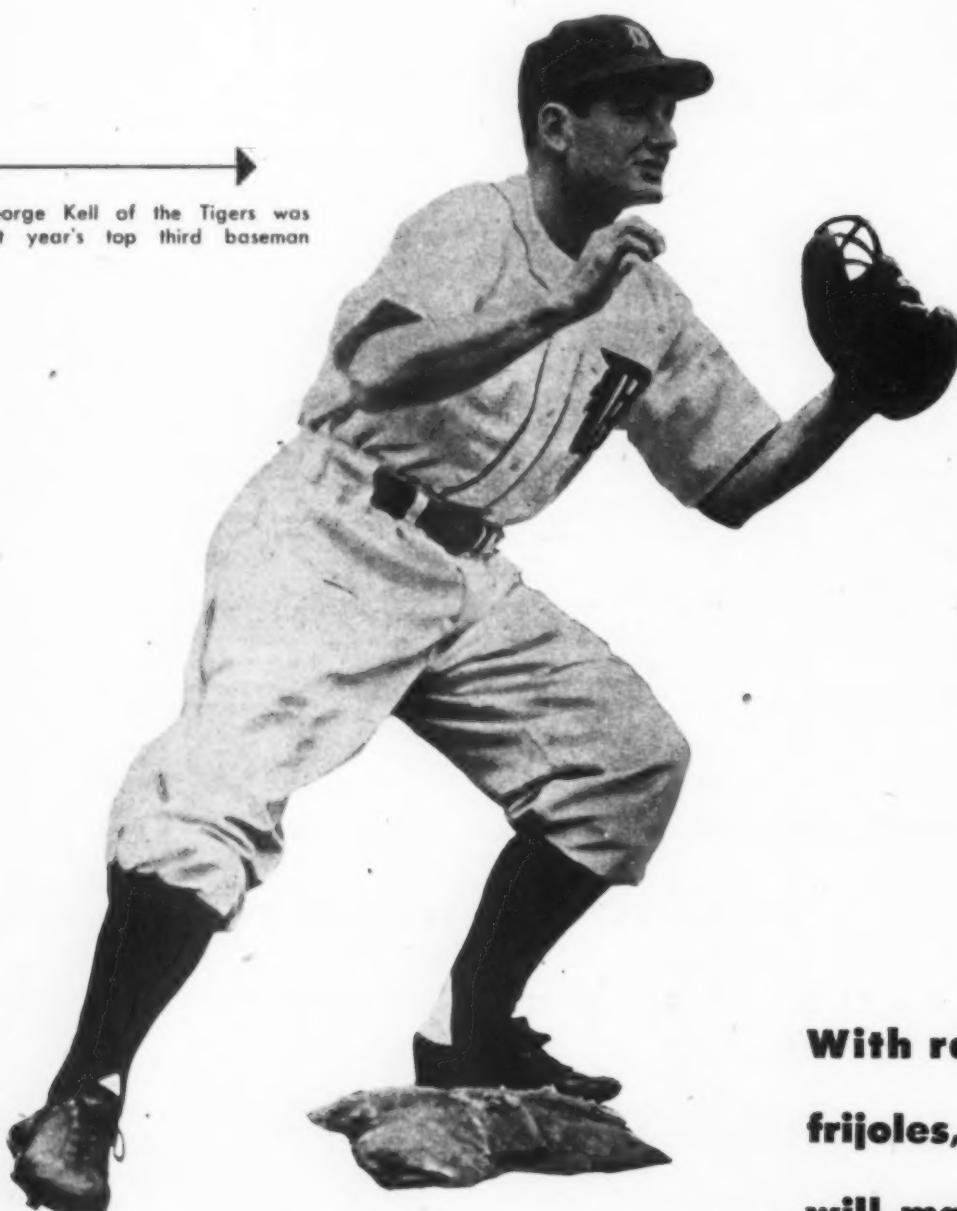
The outfield will see more of Pat Seerey this year. Built along the lines of Jimmy Foxx, he managed a meager .228 batting average for last year. But included therein were 26 home runs. This year, prior to the regular training schedule, Veeck signed the great Rogers Hornsby to coach Seerey and a few other hitters. The famous Rajah, holder of many hitting records, probably knows more about belting the cover off a horsehide than anyone else. Together with Bill McKechnie, former Cincinnati manager and now Boudreau's right hand man, Hornsby will no doubt make quite a capable slugger out of Seerey.

Edwards, the Tribes' leading outfield hitter last year, and Felix Mackiewicz, another veteran will complete the outfield. Hal Peck, who saw service with the "A's" and Yanks and Johnny Rucker, former Giant star will be held in reserve.

The receiving section was reinforced when the veteran Al Lopez was obtained from Pittsburgh. Hegan will handle most of the chores as he ably did last year and, with Lopez and Sherm Lollar, obtained in the Yankee deal with Hal Peck, he should be able to give a good repeat performance during 1947.

The hurling roster, headed by the American League strike-out king, Feller, is in fair shape. Bobby, of course is expected to take his turn every four days. The other starters, Red Embree and Mel Harder, Indian veterans, and Don Black, who came to the Tribe from the "A's" last year, will be helped by the addition of Roger Wolff, obtained from the Senators in a swap for George Case. Lemon and Al

George Kell of the Tigers was last year's top third baseman



**With raids del Mejico down to
frijoles, the new player benefits
will make it a "steaky" season**

Gettal, former Yankee, will make an occasional start, but most of their efforts will be confined to rescue work. From their training spot in Tucson, Ariz., we can't see higher than fifth.

Washington Senators

THE Senators haven't made any appreciable improvement on the aggregation they had last year, when they grunted their way into the fourth spot. On first will be the league's leading batting champion and very capable fielder, Micky Vernon. He battled Ted Williams right up to the barrier, and snagged the title with a .358, although knocking in only 83 runs. His fielding is outstanding. We look for George Myatt to grab off second as Gerald Priddy is moved over to shortstop to plug up that hole. Priddy is expected to handle the new position without any difficulty. The veteran Cecil Travis will start at third, having recovered sufficiently from his frost-bite foot trouble to overshadow any effort extended by Sherrod Robertson or Eddie Lyons for the job. The latter two will share the infield utility work until Sullivan, out with a groin injury, can get back on his feet.

If Buddy Lewis decides to play again this year, he'll stake his claim out in right field where he has been cavorting these many years. In center, the much-sought-after Stan Spence will ride again. All during the winter months Spence didn't know from day to day who he was going to play for. Clark Griffith had him up on the trading block until the week before the spring training season opened. But, when he couldn't get that right-handed batting third baseman, two starboard hitting outfielders, a pitcher and all of Bill Veeck's teeth for him, he was withdrawn. He'll provide that long ball the Senators will need on occasion.

In left, it'll be the base-stealing champ, George Case, back from Cleveland. Joe Grace, last year's regular and the rookie speedster Gil Coan will battle it out for right if Lewis isn't traded. With a surplus of good outfielders, watch for a swap for infield strength. Earl Wooten and Joe Netcher are capable reserves who will see some action. Manucco, obtained from the Browns, and Al Evans will share the catching duties, and with the Senators' traditional knucklers and Bobo's bloopers, they will have their hands full. "I trun 'em my blooper ball" Newsom, with his freak pitch, will headline the hurlers. Early Wynn, hard-hitting tosser, should have a good year. Pieretti, Haefner, Candini, Wolff, Luman Harris and Luther Knerr, the last two former "A's," make up the rest of the staff. They finished fourth last year. We see them down to sixth by the end of 1947.



LONG
AND
LANKY
WILLIAMS'
EASY SWING
BELIES
HIS POWER
AT THE
PLATE..

St. Louis Browns

MUDDY RUEL, the St. Louis Browns' new manager, has declared an "all jobs open" situation in his camp. His biggest task will be the repairing of morale. It fell to pieces in mid-season last year. Although every position is open it is hard to see anyone butting last year's regulars out of their jobs. On first it will be a close tussle between Chuck Stevens and the hometown lad, Jerry Witte. Johnny Bernardino, on second, and Vern Stephens at short, will make up the double play combination.

Junior Stephens, who has been leading the Browns for years in home runs and runs-batted-in, should have little trouble repeating this year. Mark Christman, Dillinger and Billy Hitchcock, recently from the Senators, are in a tangle for the hot spot at third. If Hitchcock fails to make the grade there, he will be the leading relief man for either short or second. He is perfectly capable of handling either one creditably.

Jeff Heath, Judnich and Chet Laabs are all longball hitters and should comprise the first-string outfield. Zarella will see plenty of patrol and pinch hit activity. Helf, last year's first stringer, and Joe Schultz, will divvy up the catching equipment. The chuckers are all familiar Brownies — Denny Galehouse, Nelson Potter, Jack Kramer, Moncrief, Fannin, Zoldak and Sanford. After a struggle with the "A's" all season they'll sneak into seventh place, the way it looks from here.

Philadelphia A's

IF Connie Mack comes up with nothing else during the year, he should be well satisfied with a rookie who, barring any unforeseen accident, will be "rookie of the year." Having finished last in the 1946 standings, Mr. Mack was given first crack in the draft at the annual winter meeting. If he'd have picked anyone other than Ferris Fain, outstanding initial sacker from the San Francisco Seals, the staid citizenry of Philadelphia would have saddled up a rail for the elder statesman of baseball. Every owner and bat-boy in either league had their eyes on Fain. This rookie is consider-



Bill Veeck, the ex-Marine president of the Cleveland Indians, talking it over with his manager and shortstop, Lou Boudreau

Two pitching masterminds, Rufus "The Red" Ruffing, left, and Ted Lyons, White Sox dean, cook up no good for the opposition



LINE-UP FOR '47 (cont.)

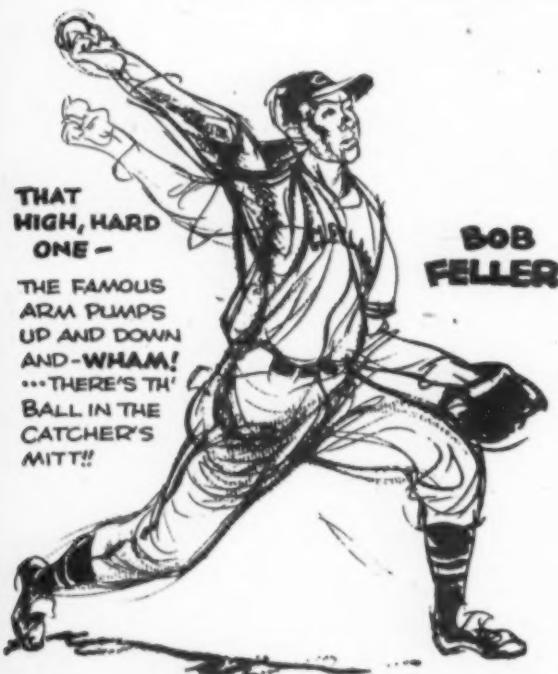


ed by many of the leading authorities in baseball to be a cinch in the majors. He batted .301 for the Seals last year, knocking in 112 runs. His fielding average was the best in the league. He started with 'Frisco in 1940 and, with the exception of three years spent in the Army, has played regularly for them.

At second, Gene Handley will endeavor to stabilize the short end of the double-play set-up, with Eddie Joost, former National Leaguer, tossing them at him from short. Third base is a raffle between Majeski and Don Richmond. They will probably draw for the assignment daily. Pete Suder will break in now and then at any of the infield jobs. Sam Chapman, contender for home run honors, will again fill in left field. Mr. Mack could use two more like him. Barney McCoskey is a fixture in center. The fans hope he will have one of those big years he had with Detroit. In right, roving beneath the loudspeakers, Elmer Valo will hold forth, gathering in the caroms off the high, tin fence. A stepladder, rake, and butterfly net should be part of every rightfielder's equipment in Philadelphia.

Buddy Roar, considered by many to be the leading catcher in the league, will catch most of the season.

The pitchers will be headed by Russ Christopher and Flores. Next in line, the erratic Dick Fowler, ex-POW Phil Marchildon and Bob Savage. Bill Dietrich, back home in Philly after a long sojourn with the White Sox, may come up with more wins



than he usually turned in for the Chicago entry. But more than likely will be used for relief work. A weak infield with a totally unpredictably pitching staff is hard to figure out. This club gets our vote for last place.

St. Louis Cardinals

OVER in the National League, the champion St. Louis Cardinals seem to have things already wrapped up. They'll field the same team that carried them to the title and through the series over the Red Sox. Stan Musial, the League's most valuable player, league batting champ and league everything else, will anchor at first base. Al Schoendienst has an option on the keystone sack for years to come. Mr. Shortstop, Marty Marion, will have his own way at that job.

There is no one around who will oust Whitey Kurowski from third base. Harry Walker, who found himself during the world series, has first claim to the left-hand pasture. Terry Moore's glove will repose in short center field between innings, while Enos Slaughter, with the speedy feet and big arm, will handle the chances going out to right field. The youthful Joe Garagiola will wear the bird cage behind the plate most of the season.

Eddy Dyer and his aides can lean back and relax when they gaze at the bull pen. Harry "The Cat" Brechen heads the list, with Howie Pollet, a close second. Al Brazle and George Munger are coming back in better shape than ever before. All these, and Dickson, too. The Cards should cop first place by a country mile.

the Pirates at the close of the 1946 season, will have things pretty much his own way. Knowing he won't be shifted back and forth from the outfield, his game will be away ahead of his last year with Pittsburgh. Froilan Fernandez will be used for utility purposes, but won't see much duty unless Elliott gets hurt.

'Bama Rowell will open the season in center field. Over in the left garden "Hippity" Hopp will keep things jumping. Tommy Holmes, of the big stick, will do the romping in the right pasture. Outfield reserves are the least of Southworth's worries. Danny Litwhiler, the former Card, and Hoff and Neill will be ready to step in and hold up their end. Catchers Don Padgett and Phil Masi should divide their duties about evenly, depending on who is slated to toss. Everyone, including some of his old Cardinal fans, is hoping that big Mort Cooper will again lead the league hurlers. Johnny Sain, Lou Tost, Si Johnson, Bill Posedel, Warren Spahn, Red Barrett are being counted on to add plenty of wins to those compiled by Mort. Ed Wright and Jimmy Wallace will soak up the bull pen sun when not called on for relief duty.

New York Giants

OPERATING during all of 1946 with a make-shift line-up because of injuries, we look for New York's beloved Giants to recover and slam back into fourth place. Manager Mel Ott and Coach Travis Jackson, two of the late John McGraw's most outstanding players, can almost feel the hot, scorching breath of the beloved "Muggsy." They

Greenberg - Kiner hitting

Brooklyn Dodgers

THE habitudes of Ebbetts Field, out Gowanus way, can expect to see another scrappy outfit in the Brooklyn flannel. Ed Stevens and the elongated Howie Schultz will feud over first base, with Lou Ruchser, the rookie, getting a look-in now and then before going out again for more seasoning. The little man with the funny stance, Eddie Stanky, will again lead off the batting order and play second. At shortstop, Pee-wee Reese will make most of the stops and throws. Arky Vaughan, looking very good in his early season comeback attempt, will share the job with Cookie Lavagetto.

If Pete Reiser's operation is as successful as he claims, the center garden job will be his most of the season. Carl Furillo will divide the chores abounding in left field with Walt Sessi, depending on the opposition's choice of pitcher. Over in right, the "peepul's cherce," Dixie Walker, can be counted on for at least half the schedule, with Eddie Miksis spelling him when the time comes for a siesta. Gene Hermanski and Dick Whitman will break into the line-up, again depending on who's tossing against them.

The catching department is well taken care of. Bruce Edwards is the number one choice, and Ferrell Anderson a close second. The pitching corps has been reinforced with the acquisition of Ed Heusser, from the Reds. The old liners, Higby and Casey, will be backed up by Hal Clegg, Ed Head, Ralph Branca, Johnny Van Cuyk, Lombardi, Hatten, Harry Taylor and Rex Barney. It will take a lot of hollerin' on Leo's part, but they will reach second place with no strain.

Boston Braves

BILLY SOUTHWORTH and his Boston Braves will annoy most of the clubs in their circuit this year, and surprise most of the fans. If they can start the season with all hands on deck, they will be able to stay with the field most of the season and finish up third.

Waving the big first-sacker's mit will be Earl Torgeson, the Seattle slugger. Torgie gained everlasting fame during the past winter by fainting dead away, in a maternity-ward corridor, when a nurse informed him he was a proud daddy. The mother and child came through with flying colors, but it was too much for Pop. Backing him up and slated to see occasional duty will be Max Macon.

Danny Murtaugh, who displayed sparkling work since opening practice, and Conny Ryan, will alternate at the keystone sack. Sibi Sisti, who hit .343 in the American Association last year, has a slight lead over Dick Culler, varsity shortstop the past two seasons. At third, Bob Elliott, obtained from

know the hovering ghost of "the old man" won't stand for two cellar years in a row.

Big Johnny Mize, fully recovered from a bad back, is ready to drag his huge bat up to the plate for his daily cuts. He'll look good on first, too. Blatner is scheduled to operate most of the year at second, cooperating with Johnny Kerr in the short field. Bill Rigney and Mickey Witek and Bobby Thomson are staging a great battle for positions. But it's Blatner and Kerr as starters.

One of the luckiest men in baseball, aye, the world, will be a fixture at third base. Jack Lohrke, nicknamed "Lucky," up from the San Diego Padres, has been the stepchild of Lady Fortune on two occasions. He missed a plane that later crashed, killing all aboard, and last summer was riding in that ill-fated bus, carrying Spokane's baseball team to Bremerton, Wash. The bus plunged down a mountainside killing nine players and injuring six others. Lohrke disembarked at Ellensburg, Wash., having received word that he was to join the Padres in the Pacific Coast League. Later, as he headed in the opposite direction, the accident occurred.



Ott has plenty of outfielders to juggle — Whitey Lockman, Marshall, Gearhart, Al White, Jack Graham and the huge, recently discharged Clint Hartung, who may prove to be the senior circuit's rookie of the year. Hartung, six feet, five inches, weighing 230 pounds, has divided his playing, until now, between the pitcher's mound and the outfield. If he continues to powder the ball when the season opens as he did during the training sessions, he will see regular duty.

The other half of the Cooper brother combine, Walker, will be behind the plate to handle most of the pitchers. Mickey Grasso seems to fit into the second set of gears and will be of help to Coop during the double-header sessions.

The staff of the hurlers has been augmented by Larry Jensen, 30-game winner from the 'Frisco Seals, who is being counted on heavily to aid the Giants in their climb. Bill Voiselle, back in shape after a hard-luck year, is ready to go in his regular turn. Monty Kennedy, Marv Grissom, Dave Koslo, Junior Thompson and Bob Carpenter, recovered from last year's sore flipper, will make up the rest of the regular work crew. The elongated Johnny Gee is a question mark. Reporting late to the training camp, because of his school coaching duties, he may not be ready for anything but relief work, along with Mike Budnick.

Philadelphia Phillies

THE fifth-place struggle will go right to the last game of the season, and then may end up in a tie. Just to stick our necks a bit farther, we

again prove his weight in the infield, pivoting on the keystone. Skeeter Newsome will be steady at short, and the veteran Jim Tabor, rounding out the infield, on the hot corner.

A trade has been brewing all spring between the Phillies and Braves, and is said to involve an infielder and outfielder. Roy Hughes, veteran utility shortstop, or Newsome, slated as the regular short field, may figure in it. One of them will probably go, but, in any case, Manager Ben Chapman has Puddinhead Jones, the \$16,000 rookie, and ex-Marine standing by. Ron Northe is the outfielder figuring in the rumor. But until the switch actually occurs, he will be a regular in right field. Del Ennis, the sensational rookie of last year, well satisfied with a new increase in pay, has an option on the center garden. Over in left Johnny Wystek, the broadcaster's stumbling block, can be expected to have another big year. Charley Gilbert will see plenty of service in a utility role.

Andy Seminick, slugging receiver, is back in the Number One spot and will occasionally share the mask with Dee Moore, ex-Marine. Chapman has a well-balanced hurling staff, headed by School Boy Rowe, his leading hurler during 1946. Ken Raffensberger, Oscar Judd, Tommy Hughes and Charley Stanceu will all start. Dutch Leonard, famous American League knuckleball artist, secured from Washington during the winter, can be counted on for a few more wins. Dick Mauney, Anton Karl and Blix Donnelly, the latter obtained from the Cards the year before, will do most of the relief work, perhaps get an occasional start. There's some

regular, Frankie Gustine, will battle it out with Lee Handley for the third-base job. Bill Cox seems to be the final choice for shortstop. Jimmy Bloodworth, ex-Detroiter, will be the infield insurance.

In the outfield, the addition of Hank Greenberg will give a big boost to the team's offense. It is expected he will settle down in the left field job. If Ralph Kiner can come back this year with the same big stick he used so effectively during 1946, the Greenberg-Kiner punch may move them a notch higher in the standing. Gene Woodling, formerly of Cleveland, may be the starting third member of the out-garden patrol. But Jim Russell and Al Gionfriddo are lurking close behind, ready to take over.

Clyde Klutts, newcomer from the Cards, and veteran Bill Salkeld will hold down the backstop job, sharing things about evenly. Old Ripper "Bloopers" Sewell is back at the top of the hurler's list. Tiny Bonham, ex-Yankee star, and Hi Bithorn, from the Cubs, are welcome additions, if they can win. Hugh Mulcahy, from the Phils, is also a prospective, though doubtful starter. Freddy Ostermueller will probably win regularly again. Preacher Roe, Manny Perez, Jack Hallett and Jim Bagby, the former Red Sox hurler, are looked upon as regular winners. Elmer Singleton and Heintzelman will complete the staff. Sixth place it is for Billy's rejuvenated outfit.

Chicago Cubs

WE'RE playing a hunch and moving the Chicago Cubs down to seventh and we think things will be mighty grim for the genial Cholly Grimm. Eddie Waitkus will continue to play a bang-up game on first; Bob Sturgeon and Don Johnson will again battle for second base privileges, and Len Merullo will operate more regularly at short than will Henry Schenz, or veteran Ace Parker, who is up for another try. The veteran Stan Hack again will open the season at third, and will be spelled now and then by the aforementioned Schenz. Big Bill Nicholson is the big question mark in the outfield. Can he recover the huge sticking technique he had prior to his last year's slump? Andy Pafko and Mr. Cub, the redoubtable Phil Cavarretta, will fill out the other two posts.

Behind the plate, Clyde McCullough and Mickey Livingston will alternate regularly. The jolly Dutchman, Cunel Grimm, Suh, wishes his roster of pitchers was a bit more on the healthy side. Hank Borowy, Ray Prim and Claude Pasreau were the ailing members last year. On them will ride the Bruin's chances. If they can come back, there will be help from Hank Wyse and Paul Erickson. But the last two won't be able to carry the load if the first three mentioned don't come through. A sad sight, those Cubs.

Cincinnati Reds

JOHNNY NEUN, the new Cinney manager, will have a load of trouble, too. If Bill McKechnie, last year's manager, now a Cleveland coach, couldn't do much with that lot, one can't expect Neun to do any better. Bert Haas is as usual on first. Lonnie Frey may hold up on the keystone. With Eddie Miller in retirement, it's between Ben Zientara and Virgil Stallcup for shortstop. Grady Hatton will hold down the hot corner. Augie Galan, for years with the Cubs and late of Brooklyn, is scheduled for one of the outer spots, probably left. Frankie Baumholtz will be in center, with Red Durrett breaking in now and then. In the far right section of the field Ed Lukin, Usher and Sinton will hold forth. Ray Mueller, a regular Cinney feature, is number one boy behind the plate. His relief, on rare occasions, is to be Jack Warren. Bucky Walters and Johnny Vander Meer are the top hurlers. The big question is "How long can Bucky's arm hold out?" Getting in for a win now and then will be Joe Beane, Blackwell, Clyde Schuon, Harry Gumpert and a youngster, Kent Peterson, who may surprise all hands with a lot of victories. John Hetki will be the fireman of bullpen "A." Someone has to be last. Too bad it has to be Johnny Neun's gang.

These selections were picked one month prior to the opening of the 1947 season, and we probably stepped on a lot of toes. No doubt before the season is over we will get a lot of heckling. But, Maties, if we're just about right, don't say we didn't tell you.

END

gives the Pirates punch

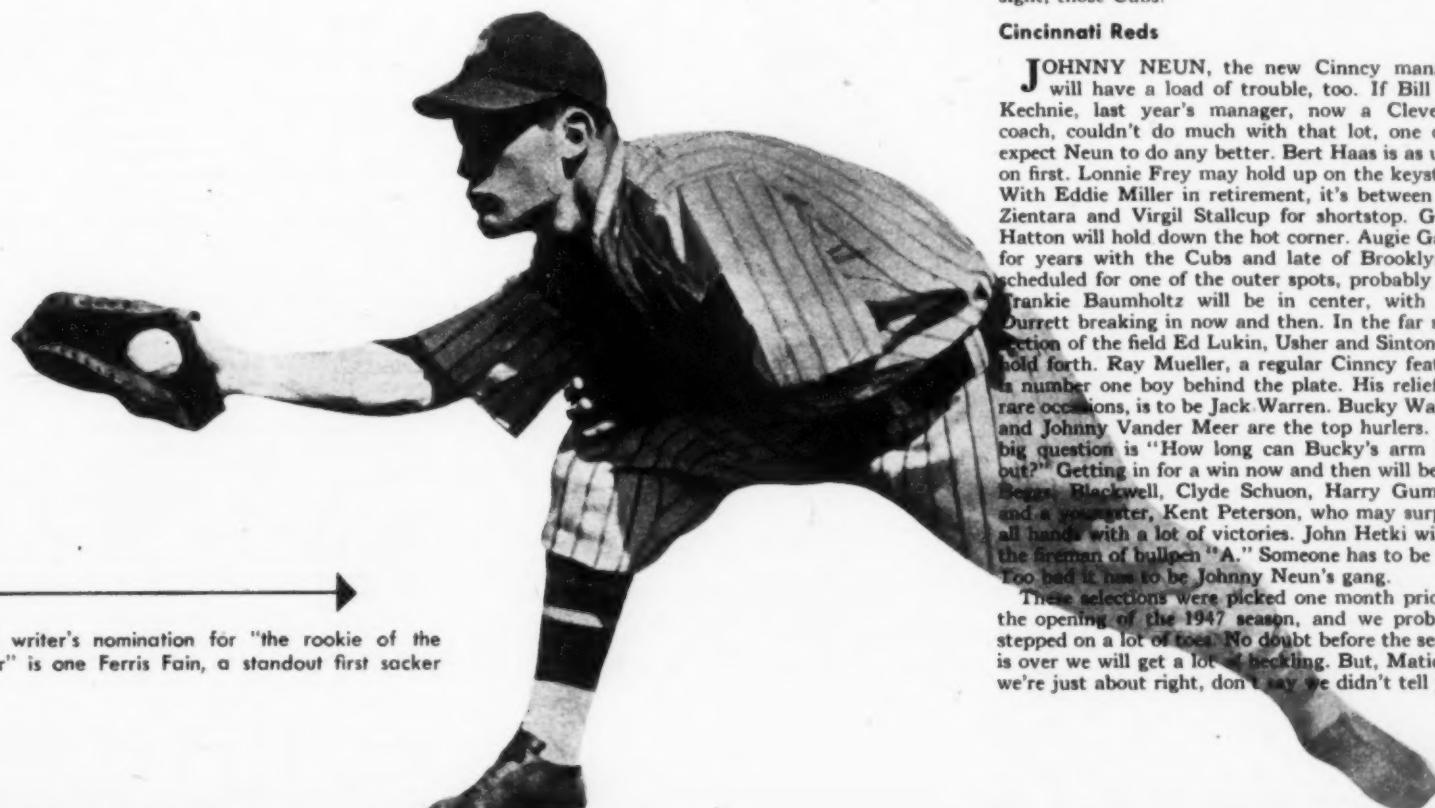
will take Ben Chapman and his Philadelphia Phillies. On fire all during the last half of the 1946 season, they raised holy knob with the first division fight. Just when someone would have third place sewed up along came the sixth place Phils and tore out the seams. They had more fight than the proverbial gunny sack full of tom cats and never would admit defeat until under the showers after the game had ended.

This year we look for them to pick up where they left off. Able to field the same team and with a strengthened pitching staff, old Ben and his band of scrappers should continue to upset the apple wagon all along the trail. Frank McCormick is on the initial sack and his big bat number four is in the rack. Little Emil Verban, the Card cast-off, will

scuttlebutt about Tommy Hughes being used in a strengthening trade before the season gets well underway. If so, he will probably go to Boston where he will win just as many games.

Pittsburgh Pirates

VERY close behind the Philly entry will be Billy Herman's new Pittsburgh Pirates. We say "new" because the new broom, obtained during the winter, swept clean. There is a fresh group of owners, one of them Bing Crosby; a new manager, Billy Herman, erstwhile Brooklyn standby, and a lot of other new faces. Elbie Fletcher will continue on the initial bag; Billy, himself, if he is up to it, may perform on second. In this event, last year's



This writer's nomination for "the rookie of the year" is one Ferris Fain, a standout first sacker

THE ELLIOTT CUP



by Sgt. Spencer D. Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

PHOTOS BY CORP. JACK SLOCKBOWER

Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Picturesque Quantico provides the setting again for the matches

ONE of the first questions that most of the old, peacetime Marines asked immediately following VJ-Day was, "How long will it be before the rifle matches start again?"

The answer wasn't long in coming. Much to the surprise of everyone, even before demobilization was well underway, Headquarters announced that plans had already been sent out to the various area commanders announcing that rifle and pistol matches were to be resumed immediately. It was just eight months later — after division matches had been completed at various Marine posts throughout the country — that the best rifle and pistol shots of the Corps gathered at Quantico for the finals, the Marine Corps competitions.

The competitions were new to most Marines who had entered the Corps subsequent to 1940. Some had heard of the matches during bull sessions with saltier mates, but this was the first time the matches were an actuality to them. They shared the enthusiasm, for if there's anything a Marine, new or old, expert or low marksman, loves, it's an excuse to fire the rifle.

To the older Marines, it was not only the resumption of something dear to their briny hearts, it was "getting back to the old Marine Corps."

A new angle confronted these oldsters. It was the first time the matches were to be fired with the new service rifle, the M-1. What would be the results; how would the old-timers, the masters of the old '03, fare with this new, fire-power contraption?

Well, the outcome was satisfactory to all concerned. Those of the old rifle shots left from pre-war days were right where they would have been had they fired the '03 — at the top of the list. This tends to prove that it doesn't matter much what type of rifle an expert or distinguished rifleman uses, he'll stay in the upper bracket during the pay-off.

There were a few newcomers on the list, war-time Marines who had decided to remain with the Corps. Theirs were creditable scores, too. In the space of a few match hours, these neophytes gained entry to the rifleman's inner sanctum.

The resumption of the matches with a new rifle naturally meant that the first year would be more or less experimental. It was taken for granted there would be wrinkles that would have to be ironed out after a complete analysis of the matches by the Target Division. So this year the rifle competition course will differ slightly from the one used in the 1946 matches.

The slow-fire stages will consist of ten rounds at 200 and 500 yards, and 20 rounds at 600 yards. The sustained, or rapid-fire, stages will call for ten rounds each at 200 and 300 yards. The combined fire will total 60 rounds. Time for all slow-fire stages will be controlled at the firing line. For sustained-fire the rifle will be loaded initially with two rounds in a clip and reloaded upon firing with a full clip of eight rounds.

When the 1946 matches were held there had not been time to adjust the eight-shot Garand to the match pace established by the old Springfield with its clip of five bullets. So the rapid-fire targets absorbed two clips at 200 and 300 yards — two clips of eight. In slow fire the quota was eight each for 500 and 600 yards, and 12, or a clip and a half, for 200 yards.

The pistol course has remained unchanged. In timed and rapid-fire any cartridges remaining un-



Big Shoot

fired through the fault of the contestant will count as misses. A defective cartridge or genuinely disabled piece is not considered the fault of the contestant and a new five round will be fired in each of such cases, and the original score disregarded. The imprint of the firing pin on the primer will clearly indicate a misfire without any further test.

The second postwar competitions will be fired



Major Walter R. Walsh,
who made high score in
the 1946 pistol match

from May 26 to 31, in Quantico. By the time this reaches print two of the preliminary division matches will have been held. These will be the Pacific, in February at Pearl Harbor, and the Western, in April at San Diego. The San Diego Trophy Team match will have been held immediately following the Western, involving competition by teams from the Pacific and Western divisions, including the 3rd Brigade; the Service Command, FMF-Pac; Force Troops, Service Command; the First Division, and Aircraft, FMF-Pac.

The remaining division matches will be held this month, the Southeastern at Camp Lejeune, May 5 to 10, and the Eastern at Quantico, beginning May 19. The Southeastern, usually fired at Parris Island, has been moved to Lejeune because the Lejeune range, now big enough for the matches, is more convenient for most of the contestants and offers better housing facilities.

Shooting on the Quantico range will be continuous from the opening of the Eastern until the Elliott Trophy Team and the inter-division matches have been fired. The Elliott is the east coast counterpart of the San Diego team match. Only teams from the Eastern and Southeastern divisions and Force Troops, Service Command, and the Second Division,

FMF Atlantic, are eligible. No one who had been a member of a Marine Corps national rifle team can fire in the team matches, although they may act as team captains or coaches.

The main show at Quantico, the Marine Corps competitions for rifle and pistol, are of course the objective of competitors in the four divisions. No contestant is permitted to fire in more than one division during the same target year.

There will be four new trophies offered this year, bringing to seven the number to be shot for in the Quantico finals. Two of the new ones will be dedicated to the memory of Marines who had been instrumental in the furtherance of rifle and pistol competition and who were killed in World War II. These will be the Marine Corps individual rifle trophy and the Marine Corps individual pistol trophy.

The individual cups will bear the name of no particular Marine hero. Rather, their presentation will be memory of famous shooters like Hankins, Heath, McDougal and Bunn. Colonel Joseph F. Hankins and Captain John E. Heath, both distinguished with the rifle and pistol, were killed in the Palau Islands. Lieutenant Colonel David S. McDougal, distinguished rifle, died on Okinawa, and First Lieutenant Bennie M. Bunn, distinguished rifle, and holder of the Navy Cross, died on Guadalcanal. Hankins, Heath and Bunn were all former enlisted men.

THE LAUCHHEIMER TROPHY



The pistol award is sponsored by Headquarters, Marine Corps. The rifle award is sponsored by Major General Robert McDougal, retired, father of Col. McDougal and himself one of the pioneers in marksmanship among Marines. Col. McDougal's record for the Crowell trophy, made in August, 1937, during the National Rifle matches at Camp Perry, still stands. As is often the case, McDougal and one of his opponents tied with perfect scores of 50. The course was 10 shots at 600 yards. They remained tied after their 11th shots and it was only on the 12th round that McDougal won, getting another V while his opponent potted the outer black. McDougal went on to make it 15 straight V's before he was through.

The other two new trophies will be team awards to shooting aggregations victorious in the Inter-Division rifle and pistol team matches; contests which, following the Elliott shoot, will wind up the season at Quantico.

The aforementioned Elliott trophy, the famous Lauchheimer Cup, and the Wrigman Cup make up the seven. The Lauchheimer goes to the man with the high aggregate pistol and rifle scores. No one



Gunny Theodore E. Wade,
Lauchheimer Cup winner
and the rifle champion

winning this is eligible for the new individual trophies, which in the case of a conflict would fall to the next highest man. The Wrigman Cup goes to the best team from a post whose personnel of officers and men does not exceed 300. There is no conflict between this and other team awards.

This year the M-1 will be coming into its own as a target rifle, as did the '03 after the first World War. The courses have been definitely established and the makings of a new/old Marine Corps will sight in with the Jap-busting Garand for new records.

END

Four new trophies have been added to the awards at the coming Marine Corps competitions at Quantico.

The rifle course has been adjusted to the Garand this year



"Gee, look at da boids! I wonder how come dey come in here?"

for da boids

IT WOULD get us in some very warm water at Headquarters if we said the Officer of the Day was too young to know the difference between Little Orphan Annie and a streetwalker, but certainly he did not need to worry about 5 o'clock shadow, at least not until the afternoon of the second day after his shave. His collar bar shone like a poor genre of brass in the light of the guard room. A bulb in enamel reflector hanging over his head made his eyeshadows deeper, and partially hid the questioning indecision in his eyes. With his chin hanging on the heels of his hands, his elbows shared a brown, scratched table with a clipped sheaf of guard rules, three hundred square inches of glass through which was revealed such holy knowledges as the OD's phone number and the number of the bunk in which the cook on watch was sleeping over last night's buttermilk. Atop the glass was a black flashlight, and a patented ink-well.

Confusion filled his commissioned brain and overflowed to mar the face that was otherwise youthful and pleasant. The confusion was a mixture of many things—the dignity of the Marine Corps, his duties as an officer, and the peculiar behavior of his Sergeant of the Guard.

by Sgt. L. F. Johnston, Jr.
Leatherneck Staff Writer

The lieutenant had not been long with the Corps, but he had learned several things about gunnery sergeants. The older Marines who wear five and six stripes were capable of remarks which could take off three weeks worth of laboriously acquired aplomb in less time than it takes to repeat the eighth and shortest General Order. And gunnery sergeants always say things. Their words are almost never brilliant or original, but they are frequently unanswerable. It was the possibility of this kind of retort from the Sergeant of the Guard that kept the officer rejecting and changing the opening remark which would make the non-com behave in suitable manner. He pondered over a choice.

"See here, sergeant, you are second in command of the guard . . ."

"Sergeant, there is such a thing as . . ."

"Really, sergeant, they are only birds. After all, it seems . . ."

Two birds, each no larger than a thumb, had flown into the guardroom. The Sergeant of the Guard had forgone all attention to the telephone and soiled record book over which he had been doing watch, and lost himself in nature. The years represented by three red diagonals on his blouse had not gotten all of the Brooklyn out of him; he substituted "d's" for initial "th's" and hard "t's" for final "th's." Now, he was turning about in the center of the floor, jerking on quick, springy legs, and commenting in a voice that was soft in spite of the mutilated pronunciation:

"Gee, look at da boids! I wonder how come dey come in here?"

His only answer was a clanking gurgle in the bottom of the radiator. The OD looked upward toward the light bulb for spiritual strength.

"Dey're canaries; dey musta come out of a cage somewhere." He hissed his s's a little, too.

The sergeant massaged his bony nose in wonder, and snapped beckoning fingers at the birds which fluttered from the mirage of one window to the apparent freedom of another. They were flying too

high to leave under the jamb of the door by which they had entered.

"Look at dat one up dare! I know what he wants. He wants a drink of water. Look at da way he keeps his mout open!" One of the birds had alighted on a phone booth in one corner of the room and was panting its fatigue.

Something had to be done. The OD pretended ignorance of his ordered actions in case of a fire, or invasion by the giggling inmates of a nearby girls' school. He began a mumbling study of the pages of

This differentiation of gender seemed to justify one of his unspoken suspicions about the matter. Freud might have been deeply and analytically interested in this admission; but the OD could not get his interest below the surface. He stood up and stretched gently. Behind him was a door opening into the cubicle where his bed had been set up. There was a climbing tone quality in his remark.

"Good-night, sergeant."

"Good-night, sir."

The officer paused midway in his turn.

relieves you dat he's gotta wake da cook on watch — dere he comes out of da boot! — make him sit up and sign his name on the call sheet to prove he's wide awake. Then make him say the first two verses of the Marine Corps hymn just to be sure. Two mornings ago, da cook went back to sleep and we didn't eat till — look at dose boids!"

He moved to the wall switch and the room was suddenly dark, with only a desk light flooding a small area around the guardroom phone. More preparation for sleep and his shirt was off.

Sergeants of the Guard are not usually members of the Audubon Society; but there are nature-lovers even in Marine Corps guardhouses

regulations in front of him. He could think of no remark or question which would stop such waste of Marine Corps time. He would not share the capering indignity of the Sergeant of the Guard. He could only wait for an offense which he might chastise without hedging or exposing himself to the danger of devastating gunnery sergeantism.

At that moment, the roving fire watch entered and, after giving the sergeant one disinterested look, began noting his completed round of inspection in the record book. With two hashmarks and only three marks on his upper arm, the sentry wrote with the dead-mouthed calm of one who has resigned himself to gunnery sergeants as among the non-pleasurable necessities of life in a uniform. A man who has served eight years in the midst of noisy poker games, inspections of full field gear at eight minutes' notice, and second lieutenants young enough to stir his maternal, seldom raises his eyebrows.

Looking from his sheet of orders to the muttering gunnery sergeant, and then at the scratching pen with which the sentry was entering his "2347 — All Secure," the OD changed his pose. He tried to look bored and beyond the influence of men older than he, who gave more attention to birds than to the enforcement of their orders. But he was a feather's thickness short of success. There were too many things being said and done. He was fascinated, and soon he came to admit it to himself.

He tried asking himself how in the name of all things divine had the Sons of the Sun been stopped by men who paced a guardroom in guttural, mono-syllabic adulation of a quarter handful of feathers. But that was no good, either. He counted nine bars of broken color on the sergeant's chest and remembered that a man who had throttled three near-anthropoids and then lost half a leathery jowl to drag a major out a hole three-quarters full of bloody mud — a man who had such a record could do almost anything he chose while on guard. Particularly if that man looked exactly as if he were capable of such unthinking bravery.

It was not pleasant for the youngest son of a Little Rock financier to study the marks of plastic surgery on the gunnery sergeant's left jaw and realize that he, the officer, would very probably remain silent if he had to watch the NCO practice back-flips while wearing a pistol belt and a 45. The sergeant looked as if he were wiry enough to execute just that undignified a maneuver.

The officer found himself drawn into a jungle of thoughts about the things which the sergeant might do with impunity. Almost anything except that which would undermine his presence as a non-com. Maybe even that restriction would be useless. A man with three rows of ribbons and a talent for uttering the absolutely unexpected could do anything. The OD resolved silently that if he were the sergeant's CO, the latter would do 20 as an overpaid mess-man; but it was almost no consolation.

"Aw, dem ain't canaries." The sergeant hung a pair of battle-tempered thumbs into the upper edge of his pistol belt and tilted up for a closer inspection of one of the birds which had settled on the ledge above a window. "Dey're gold-finches. A male Anna female. You can tell. One of dem has brighter colors dan de other."

"I want a call at oh-six-hundred, sergeant."
"Oh-six-hunnert, sir." One of the birds flew into the telephone booth. "Look at dat! Right in de boot!" He moved for a better view of this latter-day miracle.

"Look at dat! Right on da receiver! Huh?" (It cannot be easily decided which punctuation would be less erroneous.)

Suddenly, nature palled upon the Sergeant of the Guard. No explanation. No expression of boredom. Just, "Hum, I'm gonna hit da sack." Five more stripes appeared as he removed his blouse.

"Hey, Doc." This to the fire watch who had started away on his next tour. "Tell da guy who

"Hey, Doc, wake me at oh-five-fifty; I'll get da OD den. Hey, I hate to leave da room dark and have dem boids bump demselves around and hoit demselves."

But he attacked the knots of his shoe laces and did not do anything about the lights. One shoe fell to the deck and then the other.

"And one more thing. When all dem guys come in here off liberty, let dem eat dose sandwiches and drink da coffee. But tell dem to let da boids alone. I'll find something to run somebody up for if dey boddere da boids.

"See you in da morning. Geez, look at dem boids!"

END

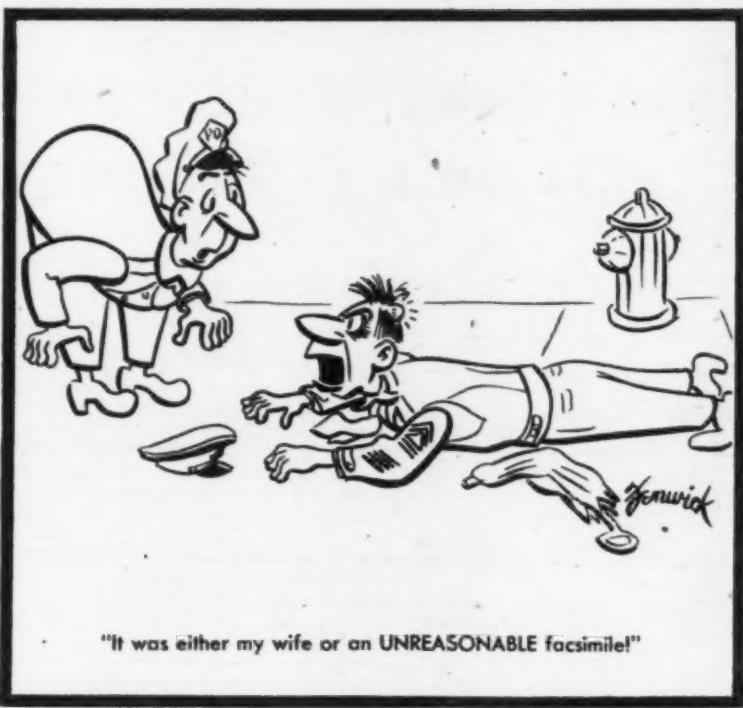


"...to look bored and beyond the influence of men older than he"



CONTEST WINNERS

STAFF SERGEANT JAMES DONAHUE'S "That's All Brother" has been judged the winner of this month's *Leatherneck* story contest. Donahue is a publicity sergeant for the Los Angeles recruiting service and writes a column for the *El Toro Flying Jacket*. Charles Heidinger, Jr., discharged from the Corps in 1945 after duty with the First Marines, was awarded top honors for his illustration, and the drawings of Robert Fenwick, formerly of the Twenty-ninth Marines, were picked as best of the cartoon entries.



by Sgt. James A. Donahue



Why, you old son of a gun,' I shouted as I gripped his hand

SANTA ANITA race track lies in the foothills of the Sierra Madre mountains just 14 miles outside of Los Angeles. Whenever I'm at the track, I find it hard to concentrate on the gallopin' ponies for the scenery is enough to turn anyone's head, including the nags.

The first day I hit Los Angeles, I went out to Santa Anita. Now I've been on every race track in the country, you might call it a business with me, but I liked this track best of all. For it was here that one of the best confidence men and track devotees it has been my pleasure to work with, turned his back on the rackets and went straight. Now I've been around a long time and seen a lot of things, but I'll never get over that.

The story of how Johnny, that's my pal's name, turned against the sport is a favorite with me and I remember it just as if it were the day that Eddie Arcaro booted home six winners at Hialeah.

I had made my annual trip West to catch the winter meeting at Santa Anita. This track was always a good spot for us high-class turf followers to make our living for the natives and would-be natives of the movie colony in and around Hollywood have lots of money for honest speculation.

But let me bring you up-to-date on Johnny. The war had been going on for about two years and he was doing pretty good with the horses when Uncle Sam decided the home front could do without racing. Johnny got boiling mad and ups and joins the Marines.

You can get a fair idea of how mad he was because of all the services to pick from and all the angles there was to keeping alive, Johnny has to choose the Marines. Sudden death and Marines go together in my book for I was with the old Fifth Marines, if you know what I mean.

I still can't figure how he passed the examinations, for Johnny wasn't any chicken. Yet the guy had always kept in shape and never bothered the dolls. That don't mean they never bothered him. Yep, Johnny could take them or leave them and to my way of thinking he left them.

Well, anyway, after Mr. Whiskers puts the whammy on horse racing, we all turned our money earning talents to new pastures. I heard through the grapevine that Johnny was in the thick of the fighting on some of those funny sounding islands in the Pacific. Never could remember those names.

But it didn't seem too long 'till the Januarys turned into Decembers and Johnny comes marching home via the point system. Everytime I say system it gives me the D.T.'s. for it cost me two grand one afternoon at Tropical Park in Miami experimenting with one of those systems. That was the last one I ever tried.

The first thing Johnny does on his leave is to marry a gal named Jenny from Santa Ana which is only 40 miles from Los Angeles. Right away I figured that he liked the climate and wanted to give his business exclusively to Santa Anita.

Well, I've been wrong before, but not so completely.

As the horses were going to the post for the third with me holding a \$15 win ticket on Smiling Through, I saw Johnny. He had his uniform on and

even though he looked as trim as Assault in the '46 Derby, his heavy jowls and graying temples reminded me of those islands I couldn't pronounce.

"Why you old son of a gun," I shouted happily as I gripped his hand which felt strangely rough and blistered. I didn't have to be a detective to know he hadn't been working on a *Racing Form* for quite a while.

"Johnny, I thought you were out," I said taking in the uniform and red sergeant chevrons.

"Hello Old-Timer," he said softly. He seemed so out of place here at the track and I could remember back a few years when the touts used to follow him around with the hope he would drop a few choice ideas about the next race.

Johnny went on to explain that he just got his walking papers at the separation center on Terminal Island as I noticed for the first time the rooster on his uniform.

Anxious to recoup my investment on Smiling Through, who in the meantime had come in 11th in an 11 horse field, I asked him what looked good in the next race.

"Old-Timer," he said looking me squarely in the eyes, "I haven't even looked at a *Form* today or for the last two years. In fact, I was just leaving for Santa Ana. Jenny is expecting me home today. I've taken a job as truck dispatcher in the local office of Pacific Transit and have quit the track for good. Remember all that dough I made before I joined the Marines? Well, I lost every cent of it shooting crap in camp. And who do you think took me? Some 18-year old kid, that wasn't dry behind the ears and yet was going out to fight a war for his country."

"Everything is changed with me, Old-Timer."

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS IN HIS POCKET AND A SURE THING IN THE SIXTH—BUT JOHNNY WOUND UP WITH TWO PUNCHED TICKETS ON A 55 TO 1 SHOT



I glanced at the Daily Racing Form and made a mental note

Johnny went on. "I married the best gal in the world and we have just taken an unfurnished apartment in Santa Ana. We were lucky to get that, the housing situation being what it is. We don't have a cent to our name except the \$100 mustering out dough I just got from San Pedro and another \$100 that Nick owed me. You remember Nick, he used to work for me on the East coast.

"In fact, that's how I happen to be here now. Thought I would stop in and see Nick for that \$100 he owed me and he talked me into spending a few hours at the track. I said okay for the hell of it, just to see what I'm giving up. And you know Old-Timer, it doesn't even faze me.

"Well Pop, it sure was good seeing you," Johnny said as he started to leave. Just then Nick came up and we spent a few minutes talking about the old times.

"Hey," cried Nick, coming out of the dream. "I got a sure thing in the sixth. The Warren Stable's entry is out to win and make no mistake, he's in."

A hasty glance at the *Daily Racing Form* told me that Flying Along, No. 5 was the Warren entry and I made a mental note to get on board. I hadn't met my connections yet, so I wasn't betting heavy. But when Nick gives you a horse, it pays to play. Nick had stayed in California after one of our trips

THAT'S ALL BROTHER!

to the West coast about four meetings ago and was plenty wise-up on the local situation.

Well, the fifth race just ended so we wandered over to the clubhouse bar for a quick bourbon and soda. I couldn't help but notice the old light shining in Johnny's eyes as he slowly twisted his glass before each guzzle. Nick excused himself and headed for the paddock after giving us a reminder about No. 5, Flying Along, in the next race.

Working with Johnny so many years in the past, it was easy to see he was fighting within himself. He

changing odds, we were studying the tote board. Then the position of the horses on the board caught Johnny's eye and he quickly dug for his tickets.

They were win tickets on No. 6!

The clerk in his haste had punched out the wrong tickets. Instead of having Flying Along, Johnny had two hundred bucks worth of That's All which was No. 6. The tote board showed the nag at 55 to 1 and Johnny swallowed hard. He made a bee line for the ticket window and the crowd opened like a well struck clam as they saw his panic-stricken

to break his promise and gamble bothered him more than the two hundred bucks. He used to throw that kind of money around like paper.

Going into the far turn, Flying Along was still leading and the rest were just grouped together. And then as they rounded into the stretch, the crowd went plumb loco. For coming up on the inside was the 55 to 1 shot, That's All, who was responding well to severe urging in the stretch. Fourth, third, second and then neck and neck with Flying Along as the two of them thundered to the finish line with



Johnny didn't seem to care. The decision to break his promise and gamble bothered him more than the 200 bucks

had two hundred bucks and a sure thing and to the old Johnny this spelled a good take. But the new Johnny, the Johnny that was scheduled to settle down with a wife and a prospective job as truck dispatcher in a horse and buggy town was figuring that \$200 in the hand is better than taking a chance even though the horse was set.

Over the drink, Johnny told me that his wife Jenny had her heart set on one of those five-room bungalows that dot Southern California and that as soon as they saved a little moola he would buy it through the Bill of Rights or GI Bill or something like that.

I know this inner fight is driving to a finish as the horses in the sixth start parading before the grandstand, for the sweat on Johnny's forehead sticks out like beads around Lady Astor's neck.

It was a tough decision, but when Johnny made it, he bolted for the ticket windows with me not far behind. The only difference being was that Johnny headed for the \$100 window and I went to the ten buck stall.

Johnny asked for two win tickets on No. 5 and the clerk quickly punched the tickets out of the machine and shoved them at Johnny. The clerk was trying to hustle everyone through as quick as possible because the line was getting longer every minute.

After I got my tickets, we went out on the ramp to get a view of the race. Wanting to follow the

face. He explained to the clerk at the ticket window.

Oh, the clerk was positive that Johnny asked for No. 6 but as there was no way of proving it, he offered to try and sell them to some of the bettors still in line. Johnny's hands were tied and he said okay but figured he was lost, for who would buy a \$100 ticket on a 55 to 1 shot, except perhaps its owner.

Johnny borrowed a *Racing Form* and looked up the past performances of That's All. Why the best time that nag had for six furlongs was a minute and 13 seconds. I guess Johnny figured he could get down on all fours and do better than that.

But Johnny wasn't too upset. Credit the Marines for that, for he more or less thought that this is what he got for breaking a promise to himself and to Jenny. That's the kind of a guy Johnny was.

When the warning buzzer sounded, he went back and picked up his tickets.

"I'm sorry," said the clerk.

"So am I," retorted Johnny.

We strolled casually out to the ramp. A shout went up as the horses broke the gate and headed for the first turn. You've been at a track before, you know what I mean.

As was expected, Flying Along quickly went to the front and set the pace. He was in command after the first turn. Sea Fare, Amble In, Family Hour and Spun Glory followed in that order. I didn't even see That's All. Johnny didn't seem to care. The decision

That's All outlasting Flying Along in the final drive.

There was a deathly quiet over the park as 46,000 pairs of eyes were glued to the board for the final verdict. And there it was. That's All the winner, returning \$112 on a \$2 win ticket.

I was kind of happy as I tore up my tickets and Johnny went to collect. I made a few fast figures on my *Form* and came up with \$11,000 as Johnny's take. Yep, he could buy that home that Jenny had her eye on.

It made me feel kind of warm all over for although I knew that I'd never see Johnny at any of the tracks anymore, I had visions of him happily married and raising a houseful of kids in Santa Ana with him on the eight to five shift. I took my handkerchief out and gave a good big blow.

Johnny returned with a silly grin on his face and even without my saying anything, he knew how I felt. "Thanks, Old-Timer," he said. Then Nick, his face a sickly yellow, came up.

"Cheez, I'm sorry about the tip Johnny," he wailed. "I hope you didn't buy a piece of the nag."

Johnny's face softened. "I didn't," he said. "But this is curtains for me. This time I'm really through with the track. You know what they say in the Marines, that's all brother, that's all. Tell Nick what I mean, Old-Timer."

And he gave me a wink, cocked his cap and as the Marines say, took off at high port. Yep, guess I'll always have a soft spot for Santa Anita.

END

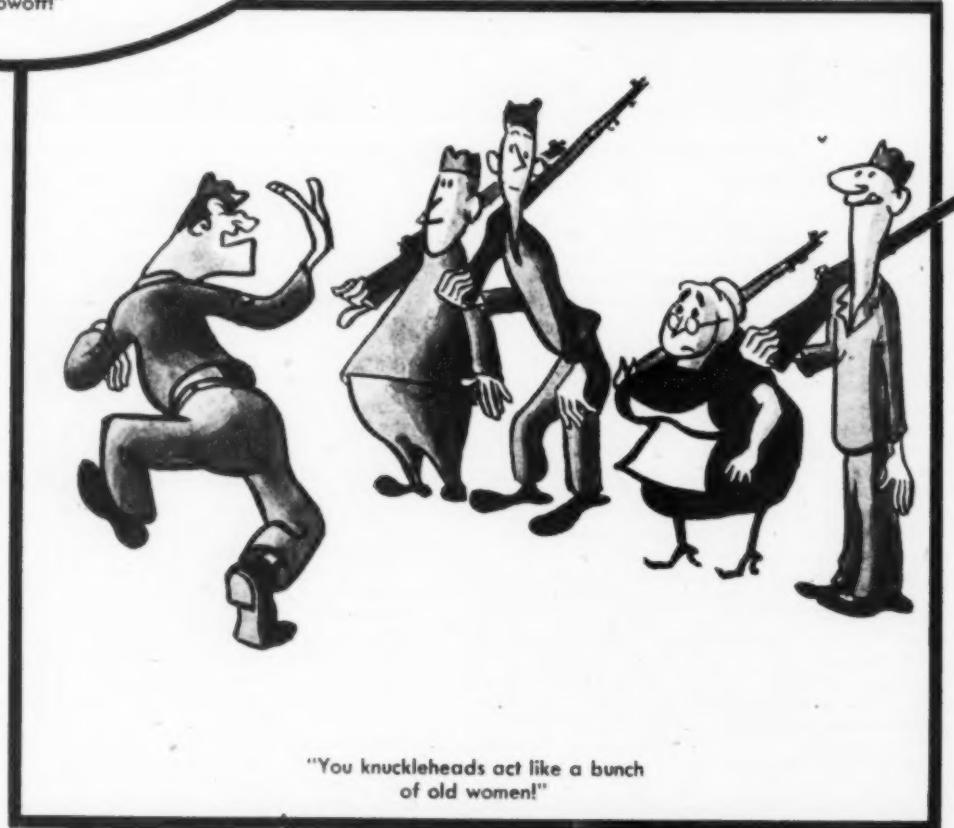
CALISTHENICS



"There is no limit to a Marine's physical endurance!"



"Oh come now Simpson, we can get it higher than that!"



"You knuckleheads act like a bunch of old women!"



"Get the lead out of your pants Mervis!"



"Chewin' gum, sir!"



"We've already promised you, Pvt. Melody,
no more calisthenics"

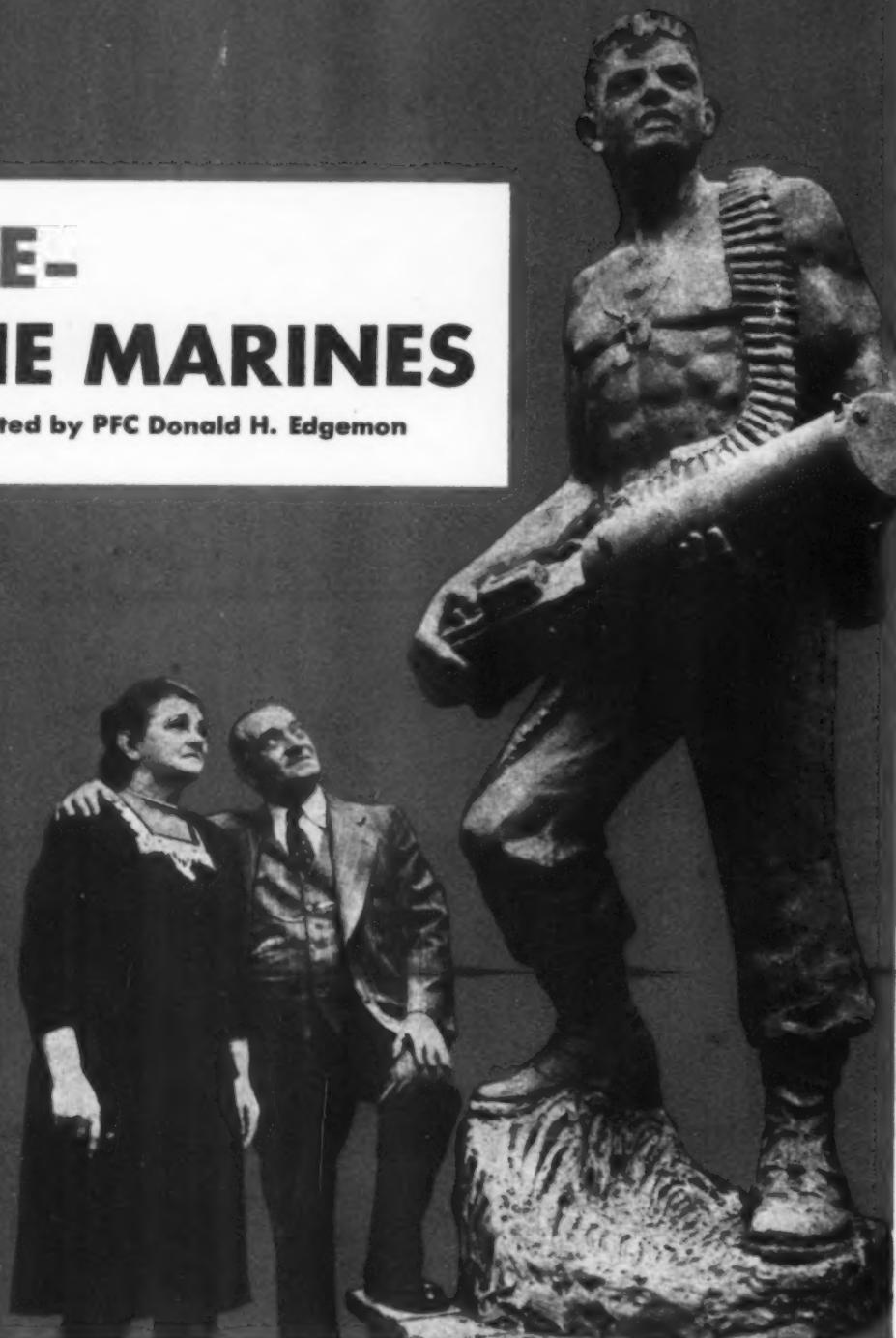


"One — two — three — four — "

GEO. BOOTH

WE- THE MARINES

Edited by PFC Donald H. Edgemon



Hometown Testimonial

In Raritan, N. J., a crowd gathered around a newly-dedicated plot of ground opposite the home of their World War II Marine hero. The land had been donated to American Legion Post 280, of Raritan, for use as a memorial. In the center stood a large, unveiled statue. The onlookers quietly awaited the end of the preliminaries.

Finally the speeches ended and the shroud was drawn from the statue. There, resplendent in bronze, stood the figure of the late Platoon Sergeant John Basilone. He was shown stripped to the waist, standing with one foot on a log and a water-cooled machine gun characteristically cradled in his arm. A bandolier was slung over one shoulder, and his dog tags and a crucifix hung around his neck. It was a perfect representation of the Marine as he must have looked during the heavy fighting on Guadalcanal where he won the Medal of Honor for heroism. Basilone was later killed on Iwo Jima.

Philip C. Orlando, the sculptor who had been a boyhood friend of Basilone, modeled the statue from memory. Appropriately enough, the statue will stand facing 113 First Avenue, the house where the Medal of Honor winner had lived.

POW Poet

Death was an American GI's reward for writing a poem on prison life while he was held captive in an Osaka prison camp. This was brought to light recently by ex-POW Marine Corporal Gerald L. Skripay, of Wichita, Kan. Skripay, who had been interned with the author, revealed the fact that the poem so enraged prison guards that they beat the writer to death with a fire extinguisher.

Corp. Skripay said that the prisoner had written a lot of poetry, but that it was unknown to the Japs until he was taken to the Kobe prison hospital after a severe beating. There prison guards found the poem, dragged him from his hospital bed and killed him.

His poem called "Prisoner's Lament":

When the flag is flying high
And you've but to do or die,
Your heart's afire, you hear the drums of
glory.
But when you meet defeat
Then life is far from sweet,
And then begins a new and tragic story.

Mr. and Mrs. Salvatore Basilone visit the studio to see the clay model of their son's statue which has been erected near their home in Raritan, N. J.



When the battle's fought and lost
And in prison camp you're tossed,
You have to fight for every breath you
draw.

There your fellowmen appear
Sans society's veneer,
You witness human nature in the raw.

You have not enough to eat,
Snap like dogs at scraps of meat
And the life you lead is based on age-old
fears.
Ideals die of hunger pains,
Just the will to live remains.
In a few short weeks you are back ten
thousand years.

When the man next to you dies,
No laments or anguished cries,
He's reached his journey's end, his tale
is told.
You cover up his head,
Then reach beneath his bed
To take his shoes before his body's cold.

When you see your comrades fall
You're impervious to it all —
A "tinker's damn" you're not inclined
to give.
If they make it, good and well.
If they don't, well, "What the Hell,"
As long as you yourself contrive to live.

Can you blame us if we steal,
Cheat and lie and double-deal,
Dig in garbage dumps, eat swill like any
hog?
The battle's aftermath
Has not been a primrose path
And the life we've led not envied by a
dog.

There will be reports made,
Everything will be recalled
When the war is done and all the stories
told.
But the tragic thing it seems —
Who can give us back our dreams
And ideals which cannot be rebought
for gold?

The Boyd Expedition

The cold, barren mysteries of the Antarctic are anything but new to Marine Captain Vernon Boyd, of Arlington, Va. The Navy's expedition to the Antarctic is Boyd's third trip to the land of ice and snow. He was a mechanic with Admiral Byrd's expedition in 1933, and a master mechanic of the Antarctic Services party of the Interior Department in 1939-40.

During Cap. Boyd's 1947 trip to the Antarctic, his job was to lead a 300-mile trek into the great glaciers at the southern edge of the Ross Ice Shelf to establish a gasoline cache for planes from the expedition which might be forced down in that perilous region.

Seven men aboard the 16-ton amphibian tractors, equipped with long cleats, were utilized in this test of the practicability of moving heavy equipment over ice-covered land. The two tractors were spaced about a quarter of a mile apart and moved at a maximum speed of about five miles per hour. The party took along 2000 red flags on bamboo poles. These were planted about a quarter of a mile apart to aid rescue parties in the event they were needed.

Memorial At Marquette

It's not been so long ago that Bob McCahill played football at Marquette University in Milwaukee, Wis. He played there in '39, '40 and '41, became a varsity star and in 1941 was given honorable mention on *Liberty's* All-American team. Bob McCahill graduated in 1942, immediately joined the Marine Corps, and went to war. He was killed on Iwo Jima on February 19, 1945, while serving as executive officer of a Fifth Division rifle company.

His family knew that Marquette had been close to the captain's heart, so, in his memory, they have presented an annual award. Each year the McCahill medal will be presented to the athlete displaying most, the combination of outstanding scholarship and service to the school. Medal winners will have their names engraved on a perpetual trophy. The sponsors are the captain's widow, Nancy; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McCahill, and his two brothers, John, and William, a former Marine major.

The first award was presented to Dr. William Chandler, captain of the 1945-46 basketball team.

Reversed Roles

One hot summer day ex-Seabee Lieutenant (JG) William B. Huie, author of the hard-hitting books, "Can Do" and "From Omaha To Okinawa," was driving with his wife along a lonely road between Albuquerque, N. M., and El Paso, Tex. Suddenly, on one of the most remote sections of the highway, where the nearest gas station was a good 20 miles away, the car began to sputter and choke. Finally it died on the spot.

Although he had written thousands of words about the Seabees and their mechanical ingenuity, Huie's own knowledge of mechanics ended halfway between a bottle opener and a nut cracker. At this point he could have used a Seabee from his book.

For hours the stranded couple tried to flag passing cars, but few were on the road, and there seemed to be little hope. Only a very brave man would stop along that stretch where many a good samaritan had been robbed, and even murdered, by thugs who used the stalled-car system. Huie's wife tried the



The McCahill trophy, awarded to Marquette U. by relatives of the late Marine captain

helpless-woman act, but even that failed. Just as they began to envisage their bones bleaching on the desert, a huge trailer truck hove into sight, and they decided to make one more desperate attempt.

At the wheel of the truck, whistling as he drove, was no Seabee. He was C. G. Laverty, a former Marine and part owner-operator of the Little Aubrey Transportation Co., of Albuquerque. Following his discharge, he and another ex-Marine had started their trucking concern, and business was booming. He had good reason to whistle.

When he spotted the stranded car and its harassed occupants, Laverty was first inclined to drive past. Then he realized that, with his knowledge of motors, he could probably help the guy out in just a few minutes. He ground the truck to a halt and climbed out.

In ten minutes, using a few tools from his kit, Laverty had the Huie car purring smoothly. The Huies were almost weeping with gratitude. They offered him all the money they had, but he refused to accept it. They offered their last fifth of bourbon. He refused that. Their thanks were enough, he said, and shoved off.

As he was climbing into his truck, he heard the lady mutter, "the next time I marry, I'm going to marry a Marine. He won't be so helpless."

Sullied By Sand

PFC Raymond Chapman, of the Fifth Regiment in China, was fed up. For weeks the bugler had been sounding reveille directly under his window at the Fifth's barracks in Peiping. Finally, Chapman could stand it no longer and he dumped a bucket of sand on the tooting music, Corporal William Hill, of Chelsea, Mass.

Chapman was whisked away for an audience with Colonel Julian N. Frisbie, the regimental commander. Colonel Frisbie listened to the charges. Chapman pleaded guilty and was given the following sentence:

For 30 days Chapman was to arouse the bugler tenderly — that's what the colonel said — and serve him coffee in the sack.

TURN PAGE



WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

Superstition Superseded

Warren T. Berglund, of Joliet, Ill., has the distinction of having broken one of the Corps' most ancient superstitions. He recently fired a score of 336 out of a possible 340 on the M-1 range at Lakehurst, N. J., bringing him within one point of tying the all-time record with this weapon.

The fact that Berglund fired 336 is, in itself, worthy of no small comment, but the 19-year-old expert has brown eyes, and that upsets the superstition. It has for some time been the popular belief among the Corps' riflemen that blue-eyed marksmen were superior on the range. Gunnery Sergeant John C. Cochrane, who fired the all-time record of 337, has blue eyes.

UN Guard Disbanded

The United Nations Guard detachment of 125 Marines, has been disbanded. Commenting on the services it rendered, Trygve Lie, Secretary General of the United Nations, wrote the following letter to Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal:

"With the approach of the end of the tour of duty which a detachment of United States Marines has served with the Secretariat of the United Nations, I should like to convey to you my personal appreciation and that of all the Member States of the United Nations for the splendid service which they have rendered during their ten-months' tour of duty with us.

"Their help was particularly valuable in the early days after the arrival of the secretariat in New York, and again during the session of the General Assembly which ended a short time ago, and I should be very grateful if you

could bring to the notice of all Marine Officers, non-commissioned officers and enlisted men who have at any time served in this detachment, our sincere appreciation of their services."

Jumping Judo!

Jim Baker gets our vote as the former Marine most likely to succeed.

You've heard all the big talk, during the war, about how good this or that guy was with the girls, and what he was going to do about it when the war was over. But Baker did it! He got a job teaching judo to women.

Every Monday morning he gets up bright and early, rubbing his hands and smiling all over his face. No blues for him, for he must repair to the University of Cincinnati to wrestle with the coeds.

What does Baker think of all this? For the press he will declare that women are very apt pupils in the business of bone-bending. He explains that hips are important in judo and adds, with the tone of an expert, that most women have them. He must be kidding!

Miracle Man

War-seasoned Salvatore Spezio, a man from Brooklyn, proved too tough for an ordinary Stateside railroad wreck and came out of the mess with \$95,000 and a miracle.

Although 95,000 bucks is not small potatoes, it is the least important part of Spezio's story. After having put in some tough duty with the First division on the 'Canal, Guam, in the Marshalls and in China, he had to get himself injured on a Pennsylvania train that wound up off the tracks at Royalton, Pa., a year ago.

Salvatore wasn't injured by flying glass, ricochetting railroad ties or telescoping coaches. He was tossed into a canal with the locomotive and steam generated by the contact between engine and canal water scalded him, so badly that it seemed the 31-year-old Marine private had no chance of recovery.

He was taken to the Philadelphia Naval Hospital

and there became known as the "miracle case." For Salvatore had burns over 70 per cent of his body. Fifty per cent is generally the point beyond which no human can survive. He lived, and the Pennsy gave him the dough.

But the best part of the story is the part played by his pretty wife, Mary. Doctors credit her with contributing greatly to his recovery. Mary left her job as pediatrics teacher at Kings County Hospital, New York, and rushed to Philly to nurse her hero husband back to health.

Guarded Departure

When the first group of Americans from the disbanding executive headquarters left Peiping, China, their safety was entirely in the hands of a Marine escort. The first group, consisting of 303 Army officers, enlisted men and WACs, were ordered by the United States government to return to this country after the three-way peace negotiations in China were terminated. Their train was escorted overhead by Marine planes and by guards stationed at strategic places in the coaches.

They left Peiping on a seven-hour run to Tangku Port where the Americans boarded the Army transport, *General Weigel*. The precautionary measures were taken even though the route was reported quiet.

Lieutenant General Alvan C. Gillem Jr., American commissioner at truce headquarters, saw the group off, but neither the Chinese National Government nor the Communists sent representatives to speed the parting guests. They were the first of 2000 Americans scheduled to depart.

Gen. Gillem handed identical letters to General Tsai Wen-chih, deputy government commissioner, and General Yeh Chien-ying, Communist commissioner, informing them of the inactivation of all American functions within the headquarters. Later he was assured by General Yeh that no attacks would be made on the Peiping-Tientsin railway while the train was taking Americans to Tangku.

Deep Sea Dog

Despite a slight case of war nerves, "Sugie," the canine mascot of the submarine *Besugo*, has signed over for another cruise in the Navy. This strangely gifted dog of doubtful ancestry is credited with being the only known submariner in the world who can tell when and where a depth charge will explode. During the war he indicated the surface position of an enemy vessel by cocking his head in the direction of the underwater click a depth charge gives before it explodes.

Sugie, whose name is a contraction of Besugo, was aboard for the *Besugo*'s commissioning in June, 1944. Later he saw action against the enemy in waters off Japan, China, Singapore and Java. With more than 700 dives to his credit, Sugie has learned the shipping lanes of the southwest Pacific from bottom to top. During his first cruise, he participated in the *Besugo*'s five patrols in which over 50,000 tons of enemy shipping was sunk or damaged. This included the destruction of a German sub off the coast of Java.

Chief Pharmacist's Mate "Doc" Tucker, who administers Sugie's inoculations and other medical necessities, is glad the war ended abruptly since his patient was beginning to develop nerves.

Sugie is a born submariner and is happy only when he is aboard the sub and with her crew. He eats in the crew's mess hall and invariably steers clear of officer's country. The higher the rank, the less Sugie likes you. Gold braid affects him unhappily.

Fort Benning Rifled

When the butts were secured at the Third Army area rifle tournament at Fort Benning, Georgia, the Marine Corps had the situation well in hand. Corps' marksmen had captured nearly every title. They took aggregate total honors, winning the slow-fire match, the short-range firing contest, national match course firing, mid-range firing and the sustained fire exercises. All Army, Navy and Marine installations in the Third Army area were represented.

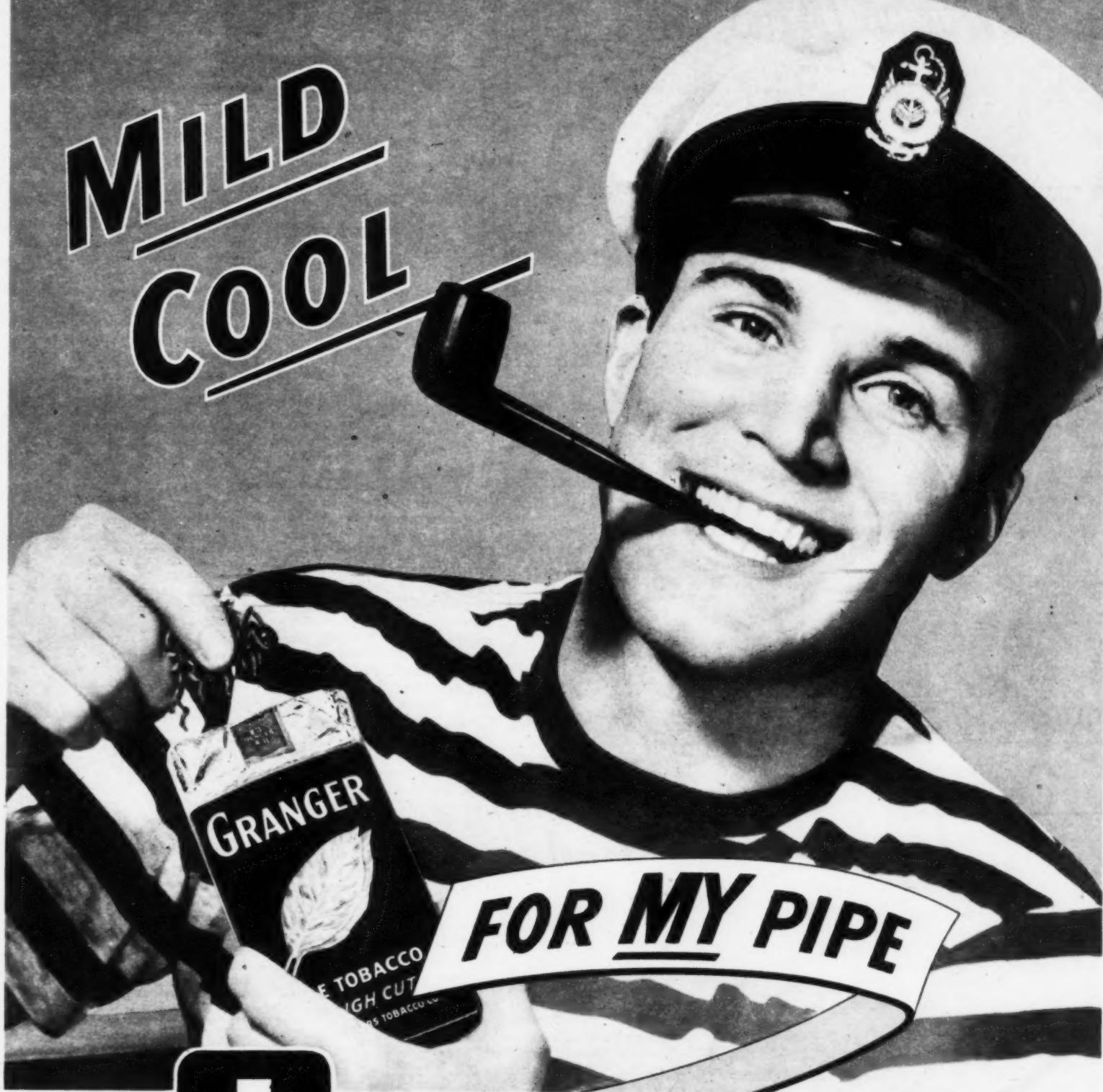
Master Gunnery Sergeant Harold A. Barrett of Parris Island had the highest aggregate score with his 686, out of a possible 750, and won first place in slow fire. Gunnery Sergeant J. P. West, also of PI, won the national match course and short-range firing contests, while Master Sergeant C. J. Brown, Jr., of Quantico, took the mid-range and sustained fire exercises.



Brother, look how Marine veteran Al Grunseich is taking this meeting with Sonja Henie! He said he wanted to meet her and it turned out just that way



MILD
COOL



it's

GRANGER

Worms Who Turned



Hail with no hilarity Vexel T. Snerlbite. Where he hid his smile, even the F.B.I. couldn't find out. 100% dateless. Till... a day he saw (1) "pink" on his tooth brush, (2) the dentist. And found today's soft foods were doing his gums out of needed exercise. Which simply called for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



Can this be Vexel? Smiling all over the place? Entirely surrounded by women? Sure enough! And to what does he owe his success? His smile, natch... though the rumor he was a Hollywood talent scout may have helped. Even if you have no talent, here's the way to a bright smile: The sparkling teeth that make up such a smile depend largely on healthy gums. Ipana, with gentle massage, is specially designed to help gums as well as clean teeth. Start with Ipana today.



Ipana and Massage

Sound Off

by Corp. Vernon Langille

DISCHARGE SCUTTLEBUTT

Sirs:

I have been in the Marines since June, 1946, and have been in Panama since October 1. I came in on a two-year enlistment and I understand that all two-year enlistees are to be discharged by March of this year. If this is true, why should the Marine Corps want to "kick" us out? Surely the job we are doing isn't that bad.

If I complete 18 months in Panama, will I be eligible for a ribbon upon discharge? I will not be eligible for the Good Conduct Medal, the Victory Medal or a campaign bar for the Caribbean.... As I see it, I'll be lucky to have a PFC stripe upon discharge.

Am I right on this?

A Panama Marine
Canal Zone.

• There is absolutely no official information at this time concerning the discharge of two-year enlistees. In the event that such a policy became effective, you would have the opportunity of re-enlisting.

The only other conditions for discharge, other than contained in the Marine Corps Manual, are outlined in ALMAR 8-47. It provides for discharge upon written request of regular Marine Corps enlisted personnel who entered upon their current enlistment contracts prior to 1 February 1945, or who enlisted between 1 February and 31 August 1945 and who participated in at least one campaign recognized by the award of a battle star.

You are quite correct in all your other assumptions. — Ed.

ABOUT THE 81-MM. MORTAR

Sirs:

I would like to have some information about the 81-mm. mortar.

(1) Is it possible for a man to pick up a shell and throw it to make it go off?

(2) After the safety pin is pulled, could a six-pound hit set the shell off?

(3) When a shell leaves the muzzle, is it ready to go off or must it have a turn in the air?

Edward Nevgloski
Philadelphia, Pa.

• (1) An 81-mm. mortar shell will not go off until the fuze is "armed." A fuze may be armed by removing the safety wire and fin assembly and hitting the base of the shell a sharp blow on a

rock or hard object causing the set-back pin to disengage the safety pin. With the safety pin out, the round will explode upon impact with the ground, if thrown by hand.

(2) The safety pin often called the "button," is the final safety on the mortar shell. With this pin out of the round, a six-pound blow on the nose of the shell will set it off.

(3) When a mortar shell leaves the muzzle, set-back has released the safety pin, which springs free and the round is ready to fire on impact. No tumbling or turning in flight is required to "arm" the round. — Ed.



WRONG MR. JONES

Sirs:

I am a reader of Leatherneck and have been for many years. I noted in the November issue an article about Master Gunnery Sergeant Tom Jones and his shooting record . . . of 132 straight bull's-eyes at 300 yards.

It seems that I can recall a Corporal Tom Jones who broke a record on the 300-yard range at Wakefield, Mass., in the summer of 1921. I was wondering if this could be the same Jones and if Wakefield was the place of the match?

I served in the old Corps up and down both coasts and in the islands under some very famous CO's. I knew a lot of the old-timers. If Sergeant Alvert F. "Baldy" Hoffman reads this, I would like him to write.

Bert F. Shephard
406 Shoemaker St.,
Leavenworth, Kan.

• You must be thinking of another Tom Jones. The marksman concerned here set his famous record in a Sea Girt Inter-State Tournament which was held in New Jersey. — Ed.

KEEPING UP WITH KILROY

Sirs:

In your January issue, Kilroy had you snowed so I'm going to help out. Enclosed you will find an article out of a Cleveland newspaper . . . which sheds more light on Kilroyism.

Carl Nagle
Cleveland, Ohio.

The following is an excerpt from Mr. Nagle's letter:

"The American Transit Association believes it has discovered the answer. It avers that the originator of the Kilroy legend was James J. Kilroy, Halifax, Mass., who worked in shipyards during the war. In yellow crayon he wrote "Kilroy was here" on sections of warships to prove to his boss that he was on the job. Adventurous GIs saw and copied the phrase and in this manner the fame of Kilroy was spread throughout the world."

* * *

Sirs:

I am an ex-Marine and where I am working, my buddies and I have been arguing about Kilroy and Moe. Some of us claim that the drawing called Kilroy is really Moe. Where did Moe originate? Is he Kilroy?

R. V. Van Buskirk
Alameda, Calif.



• Kilroy's amazing capers continue to puzzle his great following all over the globe. Each attempt to pin down his identity only helps to perpetuate his mystery. Each branch of the service has attempted to establish its original Kilroy and we are happy to add the name of another claimant to his legendary throne.

Numerous legendary characters sprang up during both World Wars I and II. They include Moe, Clem, Chad, Elmer, Smoo and Kilroy. Moe and Chad (a British World War II character originated by the Royal Electrical Mechanical Engineers) are associated with the line drawings of the snoop. The original Kilroy left no drawings of himself. Moe and Kilroy are two different characters.—Ed.

JUST HARD, COLD FACTS

Sirs:

Here I go again. This is probably getting a little tiresome — receiving so many letters. But there are some questions in my mind which need answering and you people are the only ones who won't snow me.

Is it possible to get a list of the shots that one receives during boot camp. To my knowledge, I don't believe I was ever told what shots I was receiving. I am not referring to overseas shots here.

In the November issue, you carried an article on the peace-time USMCR, but there was no mention of a reserve outfit in the San Francisco area. Maybe you have some new scoop on it by now.

In the article entitled "Veterans Fraternities," October issue, who was the corporal in the picture to the left of the article?

R. E. Webster
Ross, Calif.

• Those shots which have occasioned so many exaggerated stories and cartoons include tetanus, typhoid and smallpox. We have heard unofficially that a FMCR is being organized for the Frisco area. That studious mien in the picture belongs to Corporal Richard Jones, Company D, 1st Headquarters Battalion, Headquarters Troops, Washington, D. C. — Ed.

VETERANS OF THE FIRST

Sirs:

I would like to know if the First Marine Division has formed an association. I was a former member of the organization and would like to get into it.

Richard F. Brennan
New York City, N. Y.

• The association is called "The Last of the First Club," with Staff Sergeant James R. Northrop, DHRS, USMC, Room 23, US Court House Building, Nashville 3, Tenn., the first vice-president. — Ed.

CHIDING THE CADETS

Sirs:

Everybody sees some sloppy, lopsided and lumpy packs at one time or another, but those Cadets going ashore in Sergeant Harry Polete's article, "Co-Operation Camid," beat anything yet.

I also got a kick out of the way they hopped off the center of the bow gate on that LCVP. Good practice says to go off the corners so the surf won't kick the boat ahead suddenly and clip you in the back of the legs. When that happens, broken legs and getting pinned under the flat bottom are usually the result.

The Root
North Plainfield, N. J.

• These Cadets and Midshipmen were participating in their first joint mock amphibious operation. They learned a lot under tutelage of the Marines and squaring away their packs was the least of their worries. —Ed.

TURN PAGE

Pfc.

Casanova-



WOMEN ARE easily swayed by mink coats, 6-carat diamonds and guys with good-looking hair. In case your duffel bag does not contain the first two knick-knacks, sway gals with a handsome head of hair. This is done with mirrors ...and the Vitalis "60-Second Workout."

First, take just 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Work it briskly till your scalp tingles. You rout loose dandruff, prevent dryness, help retard excessive falling hair.

10 seconds to comb...and your mirror does the rest! Shows you hair that's handsome, set to stay in place. While you go far. Get a bottle of Vitalis at your Post Exchange.



Product of Bristol-Myers

USE THE VITALIS "60-SECOND WORKOUT"



This car is running with an "EMPTY" gas tank!

EVEN AFTER the gas gauge says "empty" a modern car can keep going for a good many miles. Here's why.

Automobile manufacturers know human nature. They figure that, sooner or later, we'll get careless, or misjudge how far we have to go. So the gas gauge is set to show "empty," while there are still a couple of gallons left in the tank.

This reserve supply is a swell idea that has kept many a family from getting stuck.

It's an even better idea for a family's budget! .

A *reserve supply of dollars* is a lifesaver in case of financial emergency. It will keep your family going if sudden illness strikes, or unexpected expenses show up.

And one of the easiest ways to build just such a cash reserve is *buying U. S.*

Savings Bonds on the Payroll Savings Plan!

Millions of Americans have discovered that automatic Bond buying is the quickest, surest way of piling up an emergency fund. And of saving money for other things, too—important things like college for the kids, or a home in the country, or a cash income for later in life.

What's more, the money you save in Bonds buckles right down and starts making more money—in just 10 years you get back \$100 for every \$75 you put in today.

So keep on buying Bonds on the Payroll Plan. Buy all the extra Bonds you can, at any bank or post office. And remember, you're helping your country as well as yourself—for every Bond you buy plays a part in keeping the U. S. strong and economically sound!

**Save the easy way..buy your bonds
through payroll savings**

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

MINIMUM AGE FOR OFFICERS

Sirs:

Concerning officers' ages, may I inform reader Ray Mueller and the editors of *Leatherneck* that I know of many instances where the Marine Corps commissioned men of 19 years of age.

You will find that the 13th and 14th PCS at Quantico contained many 19-year-old men who were commissioned, and who, incidentally, gave splendid performances of duty despite their youth.

Frank P. Wendt
Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Sirs:

I thought that perhaps Ray Mueller, who in the January issue requested information about the minimum age for Marine Corps officers, might be interested in some dope on the subject.

On June 16, 1943, I was commissioned a second lieutenant at the age of 20 years and four months, my birthday being on February 16, 1923. Before I left Quantico, it was forcibly brought to my attention by Colonel John Beckett, USMC, that I was the youngest person who had ever been commissioned and that it would be quite a disadvantage to me in dealing with both officers and men. Taking heed of this advice, I established my age at 24 where it stayed throughout my tour of duty. But I never did think the colonel was correct about my being the youngest person commissioned. As a result, I have asked many hundreds of officers their age. I found three, by this method, who were commissioned when they were 20 but who had been older than I by a few months.

It would be rather interesting to me to know just who is the youngest person to have been commissioned in the Corps during World War II. If I win, I am in favor of a pension providing \$1000 a month for life to be awarded the winner.

Seriously, though, your magazine is about the only steady contact which many of us have with the Corps and you certainly should be commended for its publication.

Robert B. Asprey
Sioux City, Ia.

• Perhaps some of our readers can provide some additional interesting dope. — Ed.

FATTENING THE MAILBAG

Sirs:

I have always liked the Corps and plan to join it when I become of age. But until then, I would like to write to some of the fellows who are in and are overseas. Especially, some Marine who doesn't get many letters and would like some Stateside mail.

In my mind I have created the brother I never had who joined the Corps and is now overseas. If I could write to someone like that, it would make my dream come true.

To any fellows who would care to correspond with me, I would write often and send them papers, magazines and other such reminders of back home.

I am 16 years old.

Rusty Leidner
507-09 Oriental Ave.
Atlantic City, N. J.

• We appreciate your sincere interest in the Corps and feel sure that a Marine somewhere will write to you. — Ed.

QUESTION OF IDENTITY

Sirs:

I've read Sound Off for several years but this is the first time I have written in. You may be able to find room to print my remarks.

In your December, 1946, issue (It was the January issue.—Ed.) under the article entitled "Trouble Shooters," there appeared a picture of "Al Shufelberger wrestling a steer in the Second Division's Bar-B-Q and Rodeo." The event took place on Hawaii.

I attended the rodeo that day and would bet my last beer chit that the picture was of "Jockey" Saveley of the 3rd Platoon, I Company, 3rd Battalion, Second Marines. I saw the picture taken and later the photographer gave Saveley several of the same pictures which I also saw.

Another thing which makes me think I'm right is the fact that I have never yet seen any steer wrestling done with a rope. The picture plainly shows a rope around the animal's horns.

This particular event was a wild cow milking and Saveley was assisted by "Tex" Harwell, both of whom were later wounded on Saipan.

I would like to hear from either of them and from any of the other boys in the old outfit.

Milton Harsh
Cassonday, Kan.

• Good Texans tell us that bulldogging is distinguished from roping in that it is done without a rope. However, you insist that this is neither. Maybe Saveley can tell us what rules he followed in throwing the young steer he was photographed with. — Ed.



DON'T MAR THE COVERS

Sirs:

This is my first attempt at writing a magazine editor. I became acquainted with *Leatherneck* back in 1942 when I first joined the Corps. The magazine is tops but:

Why does the mailing staff insist on pasting the address tab on the front cover? I think *Leatherneck* carries some swell covers but why ruin them with that yellow tab? Why can't the tab be pasted on the back? Outside of that, everything is OK....

Give us some space on the fighting Second Division. It's my favorite outfit.

Joe E. Shimek
Cedar Rapids, Ia.

• Due to certain postal regulations and contracts with our advertisers whose paid advertisements appear on the back of the magazine, it is impossible to reverse the tab. However, a subscriber who desires a particular cover for framing or other purposes may get it, if available, by writing to our circulation department. — Ed.

(continued on page 52)

Let others beat the tom-toms...

Old Golds

just talk of Taste!

You don't go for those wild cigarette claims, do you? Promising you health, wealth and social prestige if you smoke Brand X?

Let's talk turkey. You smoke for just one reason — *pleasure*. Well, pleasure, and pleasure alone, is what Old Gold is designed to give you.

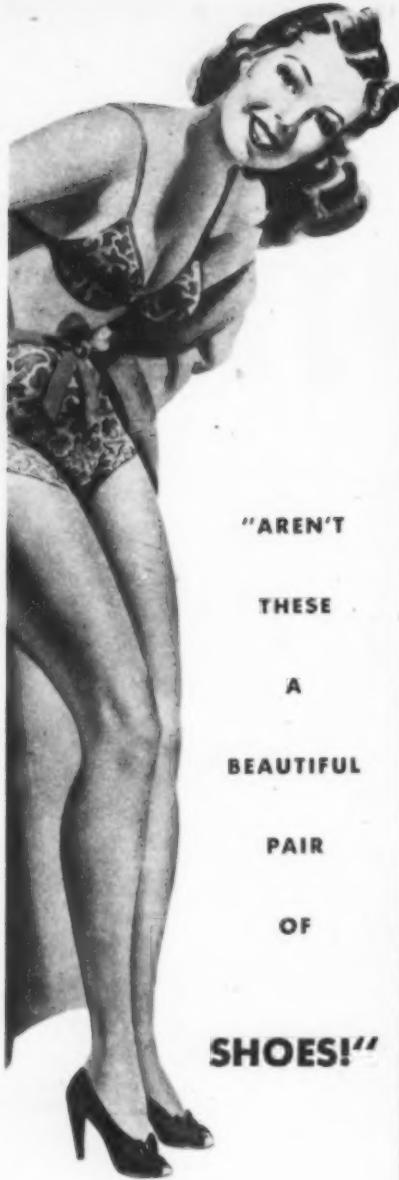
There's our nearly two hundred years of fine tobacco experience behind that design. And a wealth of the world's best tobaccos. And finicky care at every step, plus every quality safeguard science can provide, to make Old Golds just flawless.

And, m-m-m, do Old Golds *taste* like it! Mellow and rich. Fragrant. Flavor that's pure joy to your taste buds. That's the Old Gold idea. Check? Then you'll go for Old Golds, friend. They're *your* cigarette!



Made by *Lorillard*,
a famous name in tobacco for nearly 200 years

For a TREAT
instead of a TREATMENT
... try an **Old Gold**



"AREN'T
THESE
A
BEAUTIFUL
PAIR
OF
SHOES!"

"And believe me, I know how
to give them a good shine, too
—the same way you do—with
GRIFFIN ABC."



GRIFFIN
THE GREATEST NAME
IN SHOE POLISH

SOUND OFF (cont.)

"MORE ABOUT LST 512"

Sirs:

My husband was one of the proud Marines stationed on board LST 512. He insists it was "good duty," and after reading the excellent article by Lucius F. Johnston, he wished more than ever that he was still in the Corps.

While the 512 was docked in Milwaukee, my husband and I were married. The same night the American Legion gave a party for the 100 Marines aboard the 512 and their wives.

May I say you forgot to mention that in most all of the big cities, parties were thrown by veterans' organizations for the 512's war heroes. An especially fine one was sponsored by the Leatherneck Detachment, Marine Corps League, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Unmentioned was the ship's pet — a duck owned by a Marine of the First Division who won it in a barroom bet in Australia. Its home aboard was a box from where it could be persuaded to perform for onlookers.

Again let us congratulate Leatherneck on a fine article.

Mrs. John F. Jones, Jr.
Waukesha, Wis.

THE OCS AND V-12

Sirs:

A few of us fellows here have been arguing with the swabbies who are trying to tell us about the Marine Corps.

This is our question. Was there ever such a thing as OCA (Officers Candidate Applicants' School) at New River? If so, did it have any connection with the Navy V-12 program?

We would certainly appreciate what you can tell us about the matter.

A Couple of Ex-Marines
Blacksburg, Va.

• Yes. There was an Officers Candidate Applicants' School at Camp Lejeune, not to be confused with OCS. The old system for training Marine Corps officers included attendance in V-12, boot camp, Officers Candidate Applicants' School and Platoon Commanders' School, Quantico. The training of officers has now been telescoped into a single, compact program.—Ed.

TAXI-METER MONOPOLY

Sirs:

After my discharge from the Corps and resumption of civilian life, I went into the taxi business. My biggest headache now is taxi-meter trouble. There is only one distributor for meters in Boston. He asks exorbitant prices. Even the way you part your hair has to suit him, or he'll tell you to go elsewhere. He has the only Pittsburgh meter agency around these parts and is throwing the screws to us veteran cabbies.

I thought that some of my old buddies who may have gone into the same business might line me up for meters and parts in Pittsburgh. I can field strip one of the things in nothing flat.

If my request is fulfilled, I will be in a position to help other veterans out here who are in the same predicament.

Peter J. Pappaspyros
17 Kempton St.,
Boston 15, Mass.

THE STRAIGHT SCOOP

Sirs:

Here is another of those "who gets the credit" deals.

A Coast Guard friend of mine made several statements to me that I would like to check for the sake of Marine Corps pride.

He said the Army reconnoitered Tarawa before the Marines ever landed and that the Army assaulted Makin Island. Also, that it saved the beachhead at Saipan.

His authority is that he was there; aboard the USS *Leonard Wood* APA 12.

A lot of fellows around here are patiently waiting to get the dope.

Dexter Hurlbut
Sioux City, Ia.

• There is no record of any physical reconnaissance or landing on the Tarawa Atoll by Army personnel prior to the assault by the Second Marine Division on Betio Island. However, the island had been bombed and photographed by Army Air Force planes for a number of months before the landings.

The 2nd Raider Battalion conducted a reconnaissance raid on Makin Island on 17 August 1942. The 27th Infantry Division, US Army, engaged in an assault landing on Makin Island on 20 November 1943, as a part of the same operation in which the Second landed on Tarawa. The 27th Infantry was landed on Saipan on D plus 1 to maintain the momentum of the rapidly expanding beachhead established by the Second and Fourth Marine Divisions. The Saipan beachhead was not seriously threatened at any time.—Ed.

TEED OFF WITH THE MARINES

Sirs:

I have read Leatherneck for quite a while and keep up with Sound Off all the time. PFC Joe Cooper made a statement that has really got me teed off. (In reference to soldiers wearing dress blues, Cooper feared that Army men would be mistaken for Marines and he figured only a Marine deserved that credit.—Ed.) When he states that only Marines have the right to wear dress blues, you can tell him . . . just for me.

I think the Marines are a bunch of glory hunters. Every other gripe in Sound Off has to do with somebody . . . wanting to know what he rates in the way of a medal or ribbon. Do I deserve this or maybe this . . . PHONIES.

Corporal D. J. Cardinal
US Recruiting Service
Room 205, Post Office Bldg.
Amsterdam, N. Y.

• Perhaps we should have withheld your address.—Ed.



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- Navy C. P. Os.
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- Coast Guard Officers
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L. 718—Ladies smart Wittnauer in Yellow rolled Gold plate. 17 Jewels. Silk cord Bracelet. \$47.50 Cash—or \$17.50 Down—\$2.50 Monthly.



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L. 711—Ladies Bulova "Eleanor" in Yellow rolled Gold Plate. Beautifully engraved. Smart matching bra strap. \$12.50 Cash or \$1.50 Cash, \$1 Monthly.



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SOUND OFF (cont.)

FROM SOOCHOW'S ALBUM

Sirs:

I read in the November issue of *Leatherneck* that you were planning an article on Soochow. While I was stationed at Marine Corps Base, San Diego, I came to know Soochow very well and took a couple hundred pictures of him. I am enclosing a couple of negatives and a few prints, some of which you may be able to use with the article. One picture shows three boots looking at Soo's campaign ribbons. Two are of Soo in his dress blues. Another shows me cutting up his chow—he has so few teeth left that he can't chew but has to swallow his food whole.

Soochow is said to have been a heavy drinker in his Shanghai days, but I could not get him to touch the stuff they sold at the WR sloop chute on the base. But when he doesn't feel good, he can be persuaded to take a little sugar and brandy.

Marie Louise Short
Bremerton, Wash.

• Miss Short's pictures arrived too late to be used with the story of the famous Old Fourth mascot. One of them is reprinted here. — Ed.



ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

Sirs:

A few days back while riding in a bus, I noted a young fellow seated up front. He was wearing a jacket with a large Eighth Air Force insignia. ARMY stuck out all over him. All except the cover of the magazine which he had in his pocket.

Yep. It was a *Leatherneck*. An observing fellow across the aisle asked him how he liked it. He blushed and replied that it was a "pretty good deal." That's what a lot of us think.

William I. Goodwin, Jr.
Tulsa, Okla.

• May Leatherneck find its way into more Army pockets. — Ed.

DEAN OF SENIOR CORPORALS?

Sirs:

We just got hold of the *Leatherneck* which carried a notice to all "corporal's time" challengers written by PFC M. J. Kwiecinski of Washington, D. C. His buddy, a Corporal C. L. Stevens who held a warrant dating from February 17, 1942, which gave him four years, four months and two days straight corporal's time, thinks he's a real salt.

Well, Well! Our buddy, Corporal Arthur I. Smack, promoted to sergeant in September, 1946, was the holder of a warrant dating back to 1928. He was a corporal for approximately 18 years.

All challenges are welcomed, retirement time not counted. Thanks for a swell magazine.

Engineers of the 12th Service Bn.

Tsingtao, China.

• Hold on here. We thought only corporals presently holding the warrant were eligible contestants. — Ed.

A QUESTION FOR THE QM

Sirs:

When government property is lost someone is responsible. When a person goes AWOL something happens (You aren't just woofing there.—Ed.), and somehow the officers find out in a big hurry.

Well, here's what I'd like to know. Why doesn't someone find out where the Fifth Division's sea bags are?

I was with the 26th Marines when the division left for Japan and we were told that our sea bags would follow. I put some valuable personal gear in mine and that's the last I ever saw of it.

Before being discharged I put in a claim, but all I ever got was a letter stating it hadn't arrived yet. It must be there by now so how about getting those QM bags in California out of the sack.

F. S. Norcross
Menominee, Mich.

• We suggest you fire another inquiry at the Officer in Charge, Personal Baggage Center, Base Depot, Camp Elliott, San Diego, Calif.—Ed.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

Sirs:

In your January issue you had a Sound Off letter under the caption "Boxer Battle Ground" signed by Frank A. Lomas. He mentioned the village of Yang-Tsun (Yangtsun) near where the Marines were ambushed by the Communists.

He went further to say that Yangtsun was four miles north of Tientsin, as he remembers it. I would like to straighten him out a little.

I was with King Company, First Marines, at Yangtsun in 1946 and it is about 37 miles north of Tientsin. It is about halfway between Tientsin and Peiping.

JEP
Atlanta, Ga.

• You may not be 100 per cent correct but you are certainly more correct than Mr. Lomas. Rand McNally Commercial Atlas and Marketing Guide, 75th edition, 1944, scales the distance between Tientsin and Peiping to be about 100 miles as the crow flies. But if you go by the Peiping-Tientsin-Peh-taiho railroad, it will seem more like three times that distance. — Ea.

PROSPECTIVE ENLISTEE

Sirs:

I am 17 years old and will graduate from high school in June at which time I intend to enlist in the Marine Corps. If I am correct, a fellow once was able to enlist for two years. However, my friends now tell me that this is no longer the case. I would appreciate it very much if you would set us straight on this matter.

A Marine Corps admirer
Staten Island, N. Y.

• Men are no longer being taken for short-term enlistments. You will have to sign up for either three or four years of service. — Ed.

(continued on page 54)

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P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

SOUND OFF (continued from page 53)

* * * * *

The following first-named persons seek information concerning the whereabouts of the second-named.

* * * * *

Marvin "Lucky" Hinkle, 1320 Spring Garden, Philadelphia, Pa., from some of his old friends who were with him in the Raiders or the Fifth Division and knew him as Wormington.

* * *

William P. Miller, 167 29th St., Wheeling, W. Va., from men of F Company, 2nd Battalion, Seventh Marines concerning the picture taken on Peleliu.

* * *

Ray Wetherbee, 4241 LaSalle Ave., Culver City, Calif., from some of his old Parris Island buddies with whom he served between 1917 and 1919.

* * *

Ralph L. Chapman, Box 165, Camden-on-Gauley, W. Va., from H. P. Schneider of H&S Btry., Eighth 155-mm. Gun Battalion.

* * *

Miss Carolyn Butterfield, Box 47, Ascutney, Vt., from Marines who knew her brother, Milford Butterfield.

* * *

Corp. Thomas F. McKinney, Marine Detachment, USNH, Bethesda, Md., from PFC Charles A. Burchansky, F Company, 2nd Battalion, Fourth Marines, of Tuscon, Ariz.

* * *

John Bauman, 600 Bridge St., Mayville, Wis., from H. G. B. Lawday, CO of K Company, 3rd Battalion, Fifth Marines.

* * *

Thomas P. Ranney, 15 Marion Ave., Waterbury, Conn., from old buddies attached to the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., or members of the Headquarters Shore Patrol who did duty with him in the same city.

* * *

PFC William E. Davis, Route 3, Box 612, Phoenix, Ariz., from friends in the Fourth Marines, Sixth Division, who participated in consolidation of the Northern Solomons, and of the Tokyo Bay occupation force, TF 31.

* * *

Staff Sergeant W. C. Holland, Marine Barracks, USN shipyard, Brooklyn, N. Y., from Staff Sergeant R. J. Silliman, D Company, Headquarters Battalion, HQMC; Corporals Karol Gulzinski and John Gilbert of AR Company, 6th Motor Transport Battalion, Sixth Marine Division, and PFC Spencer Biddle, B Company, 6th Motor Transport Battalion.

* * *

PFC Lucien J. Seher and Corp "Dutch" Bennet, 2350 N. 41st St., Milwaukee, Wis., from old buddies of the 16th Defense Battalion and the old 1st Battalion.

* * *

Corporal W. L. DeLoache, Marine Barracks, NAS, Quonset Point, R. I., from Corporal John Z. Ladzik, whose last address was Marine Barracks, NAS, Moffett Field, Calif.

* * *

Dallas L. Haskins, 209 Leroy St., Audubon, Ia., from anyone who has a picture of the Sixth Marine Division cemetery on Okinawa, and from Norman E. Cropper of Ocean City, Md.

* * *

Floyd Dunn, Box 1146, Astoria, Ore., from Lieutenant William Ballano, Second Bomb Disposal Group; WO Leroy Dunning of Fourth Marine Division headquarters and Luke and Dunn of H&S, Twenty-third Regiment.

* * *

D. D. Varner, Box 575, Gainesville, Fla., from Marines with whom he went through Parris Island boot camp in platoon 738, October, 1922. Later duty at Port Au Prince, Haiti with the Eighth Regiment, 1923 and 1924.

* * *

Miss Dorothy Budwick, S. 14th St., Seattle, Wash., from PFC Victor L. Brooks, Signal Company, Headquarters Battalion, First Marine Division.

* * *

Leo Strugarek, 710 Hudson St., Toledo 8, Ohio, from John Lear (Lieut. SG), USNR; Lieutenant Colonel; William E. Benedict, First Sergeant Blue and Corpsman Davis, all with E Company, 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines.

* * *

J. F. Collins, 132 River St., Greenville, S. C., from Sydney Amadolia and Bill Moore who went through boot camp in Platoon 401, 1942.

* * *

James R. Baret, Box 1127, Houma, La., from old buddies who were with him in Marine Fighter Squadron 223 on Guadalcanal.

* * *

Mrs. R. K. Hanifen, 2014 Alemany Blvd., San Francisco 12, Calif., from friends of her husband who served in VMF 222, MAG 14, during 1944 and '45.

* * *

Paul Gibson, 335 18th Ave., S.W., Roanoke, Va., from buddies at the Newport, R. I., Marine Barracks, 33rd Replacement Battalion, and Twenty-ninth Marines while on Saipan.

* * *

S. "Sandy" Santaniello, 1466 71st St., Brooklyn, N. Y., from Marines who were in the 2nd Battalion, Third Regiment, Third Marine Division.

* * *

Staff Sergeant Thomas D. Mackey, Jr., Marine Barracks, NOB, Kodiak, Alaska, from First Sergeant James Earl Williams, Guard Company, Philadelphia Navy Yard, 1945; Sergeant Major William Dolley, Boston Navy Yard, 1941, and First Sergeant Millwood C. Harvey, of Washington, D. C.

* * *

Andy F. Bible, Bristow, Okla., from Sergeant J. J. Jones, last with the Sixth Marines, Second Division, Saipan.

* * *

PFC Warner H. Fellows, A Company, HQMC, Barracks 12, Henderson Hall, Arlington, Va., from Norman Baker of Waterloo, N. Y., and Sergeant Frederic P. Fellows, formerly with the Sixth Marine Division.

* * *

William C. Fuller, 5 Water St., Vergennes, Vt., from Bernard Cosgrove whose last address was Sixth JASCO, Sixth Marine Division.

SOUND OFF (cont.)

Adeline Poltrack, Statistical Dpt., NASD, Oxford and Martin's Mill Rd., Philadelphia, Pa., from friends of Sergeant Francis J. M. Poltrack who knew him while he was with the 1st Battalion, First Marine Division on Peleliu, September of 1944.

* * *

Arthur L. Gardner, Greystone, Col., from PFC McLaughlin, and Pvt. L. L. Beavers and Noonan, all stationed at the Naval Base, Eureka, Calif., November, 1942.

* * *

Charles E. Murphy, 4130 Park Ave., Indianapolis 5, Ind., from PFC Ken C. Kitterman, formerly with the 5th MP Battalion, (provisional) FMF, Pacific.

* * *

Amos W. Brown, Jr., RD 1, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., from former Marines stationed with him at the Naval Air Station, Lake City, Fla., between January and July, 1944.

* * *

Mrs. J. U. Laich, Box 109, Bayou La Batre, Ala., from Sergeant D. V. Meyers and anyone who knew her brother, William B. Parche, a POW taken prisoner at Corregidor.

* * *

J. L. Clements, 1252 W. College, Jacksonville, Ill., from Sergeant Barksdale of Pennsylvania who was in E Company, 2nd Battalion, Twenty-fourth Marines.

* * *

James Rogers, 301 West Mill, Austin, Minn., from anyone who was in B Company, Ninth Marines from Guam 1942 until after the Guam campaign.

* * *

W. L. Milner, 334 Highland Ave., NE, Atlanta, Ga., from Virginia Shultz, who was stationed at the recreation center at Camp Elliott and later at Pendleton in Area 11.

* * *

S. C. Denton, Jr., Park City, Ky., from James DePaul, Elmira, N. Y., who served with the First Division in China in the latter part of 1945 and the spring of 1946.

* * *

A. Carfagno, 1109 N. McBride St. Syracuse, N. Y., from Warren D. Olsen, F Company, 2nd Battalion, Fourth Marines, whose home is in Sioux City, Ia.

Mrs. Beatrice Crocker, 142 S. Richmond, Wichita 12, Kan., from Robert Gomez, Andy Lindsay, Dick Kline and other friends of her son, Pvt. John Dale Lamb of the 27th Replacement Draft, later with Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, Twenty-seventh Regiment.

* * *

Robert W. Surridge, 225 Wadsworth Ave., Avon, N. Y., from First Sergeant Richardson, F Company, 2nd Battalion, Twenty-second Marines.

* * *

Marcos Lopez, 7033 L Ave., Houston 11, Tex., from old buddies in G Company, 3rd Battalion, Twenty-eighth Marines, especially M. P. Baker.

* * *

Dave Hughes, Dike House, Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., from PFC William S. Bagley of Benton Harbor, Mich.

* * *

Leo Higgins, 1425 N. 23rd St., St. Louis, Mo., from Corp. Pownierik, LAAG, Btry. E-2, 17th AAA Battalion, and Corp. Roy Tamney, H&S Battalion, Third Amphibious Corps.

* * *

Thomas M. Pierson, 119 W. Live Oak St., San Gabriel, Calif., from Joe Roseman, discharged from MAG 31 in Japan, later with the Army quartermaster in Tokyo.

* * *

Sterling D. Risamiller, RD 2, Nazareth, Pa., from some of the fellows still with B Company, 11th Motor Transport, China.

* * *

Donald S. Tervolio, 3602 Gibson St., Detroit 1, Mich., from Charles Franklin Wilson, A Company, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, and later with 1st Battalion Headquarters, Fourth Regiment, from 1940 to 1941.

* * *

A. L. Hall, Jr., Box 114, Wheelwright, Ky., from friends who were in Tsingtao, China, with the 6th Motor Transport Battalion, DCO, Sixth Marine Division, the Truck Company, 3rd Service Battalion and AMPH Truck Company.

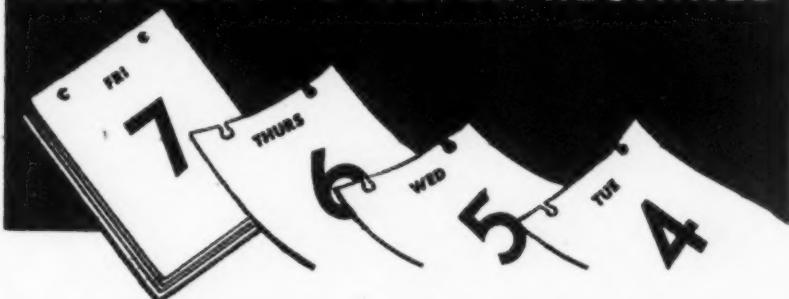
* * *

Marcus H. Kuehl, 1017 Seventh St., Brookings, S. D., from First Lieutenant Willmer Drews Kroonblawd, whose last service address was 3rd Battalion, Eighth Marines, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

END



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SERGEANT STONY CRAIG, who in his 30 years as a Marine led his men into and out of more exciting adventures than the fabulous Smedley Butler, has been honorably discharged at long last. His going will affect, to some degree, the millions of men and women who have followed his adventures. The comic pages have lost a great man, and the Corps one of its most realistic wearers of rose-colored glasses. But 30 years is "30," even in make-believe.

Stony Craig was a character that exemplified the perfect Marine. He appeared, through the medium of newspaper back pages, throughout the United States and from Rome, Italy, to Melbourne, Australia. A tall, blond, steely-eyed veteran of World War I, Stony was on his eighth cruise when he decided to call it a day. He had always been salty, smart and the leader of any group in which he found himself. He was never brigged, never drank and always remembered to "sir" superior officers. Most incredible of all, he never had a leave or furlough during his time in the Corps.

Craig was born, you might say, in Washington, D. C. He lived in the mind of his originator, commissioned Warrant Officer Frank H. Rentfrow, and all of his adventures were staged on an artist's drawing board. Stony was conceived one sultry September day in 1937 when Rentfrow (then a technical sergeant) sat at his desk in the office of *The Leatherneck Magazine*, reading a story supposedly about Marines, the Marine Corps and Marine Corps administration. Analyzing what he had read, Rentfrow asked himself: Why not create something that could give a more accurate picture of the Corps? He discussed the possibilities of a cartoon strip with Don Dickson, who was then a lieutenant serving on the staff of *The Leatherneck* as an artist. It was decided that a character who had all the characteristics of the perfect Marine would be the medium for their combined talents — a cartoon strip solely about Marines, authentically done. Thus began the career of Stony Craig.

The group Stony led consisted of Hazard, second in command; "Sluggo" Wise, a hard-boiled, wise-cracking salt who was strictly Corps happy; Jed Fink, definitely the mountaineer type, and Sergei, an ox of a Russian with a muscle-bound brain. These characters followed Stony through a land that has more recently been shared by Terry and the Pirates.

Though not quite so strenuous an operator as Craig, Rentfrow has had a few adventures of his own. He has been a military man since World War I, when, at age 18, he joined the Army. He would have made it sooner, but being small, he wasn't able to convince the recruiting sergeant he was older than he looked.

When he finally became 18, Rentfrow went to a Chicago recruiting station and told the man he wanted to enlist.

"How old are you, son?" the sergeant asked.
"Eighteen."

"Do you have your parents' consent?"
Parental consent was required for enlistment of all under 21 during the first World War.

"I have my father's consent."
"In writing?"

"No. But I have it."
"Where is your father, son? Why didn't he come down here with you?"

"My father is in Texas."

The old Corps will miss this tough, hard-hitting sergeant, who pulled "30" years of duty

OF THE MARINES

"He's in Texas? You don't have his consent in writing and he's in Texas. Well, all I can say to you, son, is that he must have a hell of a pair of lungs."

But, nevertheless, Rentfrow got in. He joined the Illinois First Cavalry on April 21, 1917, stayed with that outfit when it was changed to the 122nd Field Artillery, and served as an instrument sergeant (directing fire control, scouts, etc.) through three major engagements in France. He was in Belgium and France with the Army of Occupation, returning to the States after his unit was demobilized in June of 1919.

On March 23, 1927, he enlisted in the Marine Corps and was sent to Quantico, Va., with the 87th company, Signal battalion, and in 1928 joined the editorial staff of *The Leatherneck*, where he served as editor until May, 1939.

Rentfrow's literary career began when he was a youngster in Chicago. He entered three short stories in a newspaper contest for children and walked away with three first prizes. He has been writing ever since.

His protege, Stony, had come a long way since that memorable day in 1937 when Rentfrow successfully peddled his first broadside of 24 panels to the Bell Syndicate, Inc., New York. The strip failed to immediately alter public opinion drastically, nor did it bring the author a fabulous fortune. But it caught on and soon was being read in a widely distributed selection of newspapers.

Craig did not begin his Marine Corps career in the usual manner. He didn't go through boot camp, but hopped right into a job as a Parris Island drill instructor. This life was a little too dull for Stony. It wasn't long before he and his crew had shoved off for China. There they fought Chinese bandits and gun-runners and, of course, always maintained the honor and dignity of the Corps according to the highest traditions of our Navy.

It was while battling these outlaws that Stony was called upon to bring his first spies to account. He did it the easy way — by picking a ring that had several attractive women on the payroll. He was a stony-looking character in those days, but his obvious leaning toward the opposite sex was the tip-off to the smooth looking Stony Craig you saw just before his retirement.

Throughout the near decade that Stony's adventures had been published, his actions often were hampered by touchy international situations. On several occasions, he and his crew encountered Japanese soldiery that were delicately referred to in the strip as "Invaders." Most of these incidents were based on actual happenings, but some readers wrote letters deplored what they called "an effort to antagonize friendly Japanese people."

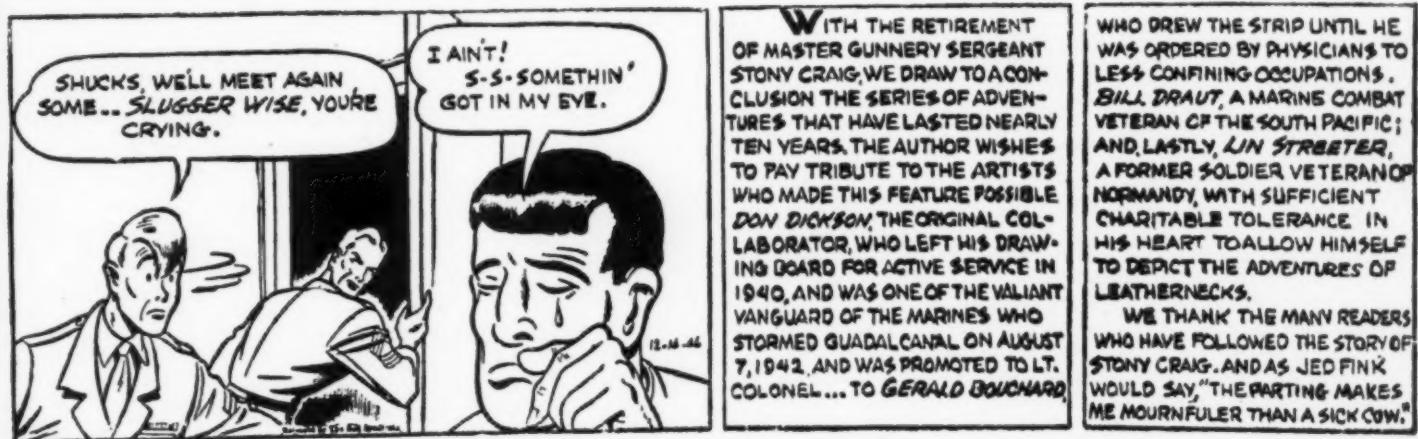
Another significant incident occurred when the Stony crew was returning from the Orient. Two obviously Teutonic gentlemen, who later were found to be spies, were aboard their ship. They couldn't be apprehended, because they were dead. Suicides. This time the response from the public was terrific. "It was a disgraceful attempt," people wrote, "to belittle the German people by intimating they would employ spies against a friendly power."

But within a week newspapers carried a story about two German spies who had been trapped aboard ship. One committed suicide, but the other was captured before he could kill himself.

As the Marines went, so went Stony Craig, but good



This happy scene occurred in China, one of Craig's favorite stamping grounds



With the retirement of Master Gunnery Sergeant Stony Craig, we draw to a conclusion the series of adventures that have lasted nearly ten years. The author wishes to pay tribute to the artists who made this feature possible. Don Dickson, the original collaborator, who left his drawing board for active service in 1940, and was one of the valiant vanguard of the Marines who stormed Guadalcanal on August 7, 1942, and was promoted to Lt. Colonel... to Geraldo Boucharad,

WHO DREW THE STRIP UNTIL HE WAS ORDERED BY PHYSICIANS TO LESS CONFINING OCCUPATIONS. BILL DRAUT, A MARINE COMBAT VETERAN OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC; AND, LASTLY, LIN STREETER, A FORMER SOLDIER VETERAN OF NORMANDY, WITH SUFFICIENT CHARITABLE TOLERANCE IN HIS HEART TO ALLOW HIMSELF TO DEPICT THE ADVENTURES OF LEATHERNECKS.

We thank the many readers who have followed the story of Stony Craig. And as Jed Fink would say, "THE PARTING MAKES ME MOURNFULER THAN A SICK COW."

The parting of the ways even brought a tear to the eye of durable "Slugger"

As did all men of the Old Corps who were eager to ship over, Stony and company finally returned Stateside and soon found themselves in Washington, D. C., getting their orders to proceed forthwith to an unnamed, highly-secret island in the South Pacific. It was there, in the sweltering boondocks, that they heard about Pearl Harbor. Their first hint that a real, mechanized war was in full swing was the cowardly attack a group of Jap fliers made on their positions. Now their vast experience in the field would stand the United States in good stead.

They got away from this rock all right. Back to the States for further orders they went. For a time they sweated it out in Quantico, then were once more assigned to China. Yes, it was a special mission. They were given the particularly tough job of

rescuing a Sergeant Muddy Waters from the Japs. The mission was accomplished and Stony turned to other things.

Yet, with all his enterprise and daring, Stony changed. This hard-bitten man of steel became less hard-bitten. Rentfrow blames it on the artists. They come and go, you know. One creator of the actual Stony figure was Bill Draut, an ex-sergeant of Marines and former Raider.

"Draut's Stony Craig looked more like an ad for Arrow collars," said the warrant officer.

In May, 1946, Stony and his crew were brought back from China for the last time. They immediately took a spectacular part in a special investigation for naval intelligence. His hard-boiled men worked in civilian clothes this time, which suited

"Slugger" to a T. He had accepted his discharge from the Corps, and returned to Brooklyn to drive a cab, but, he pitched in with the rest of the gang and it wasn't until the successful completion of this last job that he obtained the all-important priority to operate his hack. Hazard and Fink have chosen to ship over, and Sergei will stay as he always was, a civilian adventurer.

So this courageous band of Marines has reached the parting of the ways. The men who, for nearly ten years, were a representative cross-section of life in the Old Corps, as some like to think of it, are gone. Stony, now tired and longing for peace, has turned to civilian life and obscurity. Unfortunately for Stony, terminal leave pay is retroactive only to 1941. He would have had 900 days.

END

BULLETIN BOARD

Awards Made Retroactive

Marine Corps flight personnel may now receive the Air Medal and Distinguished Flying Cross on the basis of the flight-strike system, retroactive to December 7, 1941.

Previously these awards were made in the Marine Corps on the strike-flight system only for the period subsequent to December 18, 1944. Provisions for the retroactive awards are contained in Letter of Instruction No. 1351, which explains the strike-flight system as the automatic award of medals on a numerical basis.

The Commander, Air Force, Pacific Fleet, is the only delegated authority to award the Air Medal and Distinguished Flying Cross under this system. Commanding officers are directed to prepare recommendations for members of their respective commands who are entitled to same. Citations, in each case, are not necessary.

In compiling the number of strikes or flights an air crewman has made, in view of recommendations, no strike can be counted that was included in the citation accompanying some previous award or decoration.

A sample of a recommendation is contained as an enclosure to L. of I. 1351. These must be forwarded from the commanding officers to the Commanding General, Aircraft, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific.

Recommendations for awards to personnel released from active duty may be made by their former commanding officers, whether in service or released from active duty. In such cases, the recommendations will be submitted to the Navy Department, Attention Board of Review for Decorations and Medals, via Commanding General, Aircraft, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific and Commander, Air Force, Pacific Fleet.

Recommendations for posthumous awards may be made in similar fashion by former commanding officers when the necessary facts are known.

Errors Noted in NCO Fitness Reports

Numerous errors and omissions are appearing in NCO Fitness Reports received at Headquarters, Marine Corps. The most pronounced inaccuracies are listed as follows:

- (a) Failure to insert, in blank space at top center of form, reason for submission of report, i.e., Semi-annual report, Special report, etc.
- (b) Omission, in blank space at upper right hand corner of form below the end of the first line of the title and above the letters U.S.M.C., the functional field in which the primary military specification serial number of the NCO being reported on, such as "Administrative and Clerical, Artillery, Aviation."
- (c) Failure to insert man's full name.
- (d) Recommending personnel for promotion in a SSN which is not their primary SSN or another SSN designating a specialty in which qualified in the same functional field as their primary SSN. (No man can be recommended for promotion unless he is qualified in a specification serial number the terminal rank of which is in or above the pay grade to which promotion is recommended.)
- (e) In item 15, the SSN was omitted in case of recommendation for promotion.
- (f) In item 15, the SSN entered was in a functional field different from functional field entered above name and rank line on face of report or from the field of an SSN entered in Item 16.
- (g) Failure to record in item 16 all other military specification serial numbers and job titles in which the man is currently qualified.
- (h) Failure of commanding officer to sign report.

Letter of Instruction 1356, dated 11 October, 1946, contains the latest instructions governing the submission of this report.

DEPENDENTS' OVERSEAS TRANSPORTATION

MARINE CORPS personnel desiring transportation for their dependents to overseas stations must make application after arrival at overseas station. The application will be accomplished in quadruplicate on form NMC-914-QM, supported by an original and three certified copies to overseas duty or a certificate in lieu of orders if orders are not available.

Care must be taken to see that this form is filled out completely and accurately. The application will be addressed to the Commandant of the 12th Naval District for organization in the Pacific Ocean areas, and to the Bureau of Naval Personnel for those dependents going to Atlantic Ocean areas including Panama, the Caribbean area and Europe.

Upon receipt of approved requests for transportation by the Commandant 12th Naval District, sailing space will be assigned and the Depot Quartermaster, San Francisco, so informed. The Depot Quartermaster in turn will notify the dependents concerned and furnish them with complete information necessary for their overseas departure. The Bureau of Naval Personnel will notify dependents planning travel to Atlantic Ocean areas.

Eligibility for the movement of dependents overseas shall be divided into two classes, as follows: (a) Officers and personnel of the first three pay grades who are legally entitled to transportation. (b) Personnel below the third pay grade will be furnished transportation on a "space available" basis. This category shall be furnished transportation aboard government vessels only, and will not be authorized transportation at government expense from their homes to the port of embarkation.

The following requirements have been established as the basis for the approval of requests for transportation of dependents to all overseas posts and stations, with the EXCEPTION of Japan, China, Okinawa and the Philippine Islands; (a) Continuation of duty at the present station for at least six months. (b) Availability of suitable housing. (c) Individuals are cognizant of and willing to accept limitations in regard to schools, transportation, and other facilities. (d) Will not displace personnel who cannot be housed in comparable quarters or disrupt an equitable distribution of available housing.

The requirements for Japan, Okinawa and the Philippine Islands are the same, except continuation of duty at present duty station must be for one year. For China, in addition to continuation of duty at present duty station for one year, personnel requesting transportation must certify they are financially able to care for their dependents in China.

NEW CITATION CANCELS PREVIOUS AWARD

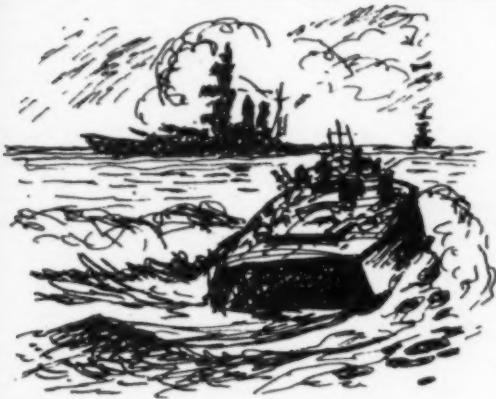
THE award of the Presidential Unit Citation to the Second Marine Aircraft Wing, for outstanding services in the Okinawa Shima and Ryukyu Campaign from April 4 to July 14, 1945, has been approved by the Secretary of the Navy. The award of the Presidential Unit Citation to the Second Wing cancels the previous award of the Navy Unit Commendation to Marine Aircraft Groups 31 and 33 and Night Fighter Squadron 533 for their services in the Okinawa Campaign.

The Second Wing was comprised of the following organizations which participated in action during the period shown after each organization: HqSq-2 (4Apr-14Jul45); Air Defense Command, HqSq-43 (4Apr-14Jul45); AirWarnSq-1 (24Apr-14Jul45); AirWarnSq-6 (17Apr-14Jul45); AirWarnSq-7 (12Apr-14Jul45); AirWarnSq-8 (6Apr-14Jul45); AirWarnSq-11 (23Apr-14Jul45); MAG-14, HqSq-14 (28May-14Jul45); SerSq-14 (28May-14Jul45); VMF-212 (7Jun-14Jul45); VMF-222 and 223 (11Jun-14Jul45); MAG-22, HqSq-22 (12May-14Jul45); SerSq-22 (12May-14Jul45); VMF-113 (25May-14Jul45); VMF-422 (24May-14Jul40); VMF(N)-533 (12May-14Jul45); VMTB-131 (29May-14Jul45); MAG-31, HqSq-31 (10Apr-14Jul45); SerSq-31 (12Apr-14Jul45); VMF-224, 311 and 441 (7Apr-14Jul45); VMF(N)-542 (7Apr-14Jul45); MAG-33, HqSq-33 (7Apr-14Jul45); SerSq-33 (7Apr-14Jul45); VMF-312, VMF-322, VMF-323 and VMF(N)-543 (9Apr-14Jul45); VMTB-232 (22Apr-14Jul45).

World War I Medals

ARMED Occupation of Germany Medals for World War I are being distributed to personnel who saw service in Germany or Austria-Hungary between 12 November 1918 and 11 July 1923. The bronze medal, carrying a profile of General of the Armies John J. Pershing, was authorized by Congress in 1941 but coinage was deferred for the duration of the war due to a shortage in critical metals. Marine applications for the medal should contain name, rank, serial number, current address and the designation of the organization to which the applicant was attached or served with during the period covered. They should be directed to the Commandant.

Books Reviewed



THE BATTLE FOR LEYTE GULF. By C. Vann Woodward. The Macmillan Co. \$3.75.

MR. WOODWARD'S book on the Japanese Navy's final, critical struggle for survival, parts the curtain of war-imposed secrecy and permits a satisfying survey of a tremendous naval engagement that filled the newspapers at the time.

In September, 1944, the Third Fleet under Admiral Halsey discovered an unexpected weakness in Japanese air power in the Philippines. There was a sudden and dramatic change in the whole concept of and strategy for the impending campaign. Three amphibious operations, planned as a preliminary, were cancelled and the landing on Leyte was moved up two months, to take place on October 20.

This was an important step in setting the stage for the greatest naval battle of all time—a battle far greater than Jutland in area covered, ships sunk, forces involved, number of casualties, and decisiveness in outcome. Rarely has a power staked so much upon one operation as did the Japanese in their desperate effort to counter the American invasion of Leyte, and rarely has any naval power suffered such an overwhelming defeat.

The enemy employed a daring, complex, and deceptive plan of attack upon the American forces. Four separate Japanese naval forces participated in the operation, approaching the American beachhead from three different directions. One of these forces, made up of all available carriers in the Imperial Fleet, was assigned the suicidal mission of decoying the American carriers and fast battleships away from Leyte Gulf, where the Japanese heavy surface ships intended to strike their blow against the transports, landing craft, and installations of the infant beachhead. So successful was this ruse that the fast new battleships of the Third Fleet spent the most critical 24 hours of the entire three-day battle steaming 300 miles up the coast of Luzon and 300 miles back between two enemy forces without firing a shot at either, though narrowly missing contact with both.

The PT boats, destroyers, cruisers and old battleships of the Seventh Fleet stopped and all but annihilated the Jap force coming on through Surigao Strait, but the central battleship force of the enemy was able to steam through San Bernardino Strait, left unguarded when the U. S. Third Fleet moved north to attack the Jap carriers.

It was the movements of this fleet, coming through San Bernardino Strait, that presented one of the greatest puzzles of the war. It surprised and attacked with considerable success a number of U. S. escort carriers, destroyers and

destroyer-escorts off the coast of Samar. Then, having fought his way through comparatively light opposition, the Japanese admiral found himself within about two hours of his primary objective—the "soft" shipping in Leyte Gulf.

The Seventh Fleet, weaker than the fast Third Fleet, had expended most of its fuel, ammunition and torpedoes. American light surface forces and escort carriers in the area had been badly mauled. Yet the undeterred Japanese force, which included at least four battleships, two heavy and two light cruisers, and some ten destroyers, turned away from Leyte Gulf about noon on October 25 and steamed back the way it had come.

At the time, Americans at Leyte were at a loss to explain their good fortune. Interrogation of surviving Japanese officers since the ending of hostilities has shed much light on the Battle for Leyte Gulf and has filled in many missing pieces of the puzzle. It is clear now that the commanders on both sides were forced to base many decisions upon faulty or incomplete information. The Japanese suffered from a lack of naval air power, faulty liaison between land-based air forces and naval forces, and a serious breakdown in communications.

In his book Mr. Woodward pointed out that American forces had to operate with a divided command. The Seventh Fleet was under the immediate direction of General MacArthur while the Third Fleet was responsible to Admiral Nimitz at Pearl Harbor. The two fleets, operating in support of the same landing, had no common superior short of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington.

In the conduct of the battle, both sides made mistakes. The Japanese made more numerous and more serious ones. The whole book presents a fascinating picture of courageous decisions based upon obviously incomplete information, of heroic action in the heat of battle, and of the confusion, tension, misgivings, and misapprehension under which naval battles are often fought. It shows the desperation and frustration of the Japanese, which eventually led to deterioration of command and morale and the ultimate downfall of the Imperial Fleet. —J. F. M.

THE COASTWATCHERS. By Commander Eric A. Feldt, R.A.N. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

COMMANDER FELDT'S book pulls aside the curtain and reveals a heretofore unpublicized phase of the war against the Japs on the Southwest Pacific islands.

The story of the Coastwatchers was hush-hush during the war and few Marines on the line knew of the existence of such an organization. Yet these men, who sometimes spent months behind the Jap lines supplying the Allied command with information of the enemy, can safely be credited with saving many Marine lives.

The Coastwatchers were organized shortly after World War I to warn Australia of any threat to her shores. Recruited for duty were missionaries, planters and municipal officers who had lived many years in the Southwest Pacific islands and had accumulated valuable knowledge of island terrain and native temperament.

As the Nips took island after island in their southward thrust many of the Coastwatchers, overtaken by the tide of brown men, remained at their posts, reporting to central headquarters in Australia on the movement of enemy shipping, planes and troops. Then, as the Americans started their own island-hopping drive north into Tokyo, the Coastwatchers became invaluable.

They furnished maps and reports that contributed greatly to the success of many an American beachhead.

Before the Guadalcanal landing the Marines were supplied with maps, notes on the natives, positions of enemy troops and gun emplacements. The actual landing caught the Japs by surprise and many fled to the hills, leaving their pants and hot chow behind. The Coastwatchers like to believe they helped make it a surprise party.

The Marine invaders on Guadalcanal were plagued by constant enemy air attacks, but many times could be alerted long before the Jap bombers arrived. This was because some Coastwatcher, sitting on a Jap-infested island hundreds of miles to the north, had radioed a report of a wave of Nip planes taking off on a southbound hop.

Coastwatchers were dropped on enemy-held islands from planes and landed at night by submarine. On many occasions their supplies had to be dropped from the air. Most of the time the natives were friendly and there are instances where they gave their lives to protect the Coastwatchers. But there were times, too, when the natives proved treacherous and the book tells of some subtle tortures the Japs devised for captured 'Watchers.

The Marine who has made patrols behind Jap lines will be one of the first to recognize the bravery of these men who, many times singly or in pairs, spent weeks on an enemy island with only their courage and ingenuity between them and death by torture.

The story of the Coastwatchers is ably told by Commander Feldt—the man who was given the task of organizing this gallant band of men.

R. N. D.



"SEMPER FIDELIS": The U. S. Marines in the Pacific, 1942-45. Edited by Captain Patrick O'Shea and Sgt. Gene Cooke, USMCR. William Sloane and Associates, 1947. \$3.50.

THE Marines' Pacific War, from the Solomons up through Okinawa, is herein recorded by Marine combat correspondents. It is a compilation of "filings" by the correspondents attached to each combat unit.

In it you will not find a military resume of each battle as it was fought. There is no battle critique. But you will find out what a weary, bedraggled private thought of living, dying, and war in general.

In its 70-odd articles and some 90 shorter items, combat art and photographs, you will see the Pacific island warfare as the troops saw it, recorded as they would tell it.

There are contributions from more than 100 Marine writers. It would be impossible to single out the most outstanding. This is strictly a Marine's book about a Marine's war. Captain O'Shea and Sergeant Cooke have done an excellent job in editing and arranging the best of the combat correspondents' material. —S. D. G.

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The following pages contain a list of books especially selected from the catalogues of leading book publishers as a handy

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The former Marine captain seems to enjoy this scene from "Suddenly It's Spring." His date is Paulette Goddard



MACDONALD *Carey*

by Leonard Riblett

**His three years in the Corps may have
interrupted his climb to stardom
but he's back in pictures again, this time with featured billing**

"**A**FTER three years active service in the Marine Corps, Macdonald Carey has received his honorable discharge and is resuming a motion picture career at Paramount, the studio which originally brought him to Hollywood from a brilliant New York success opposite Gertrude Lawrence in 'Lady in the Dark'."

This bit of press agency, for such it is, is the first paragraph of Carey's studio biography. It merely means, says this very honest ex-lieutenant, that he is back on the Paramount payroll.

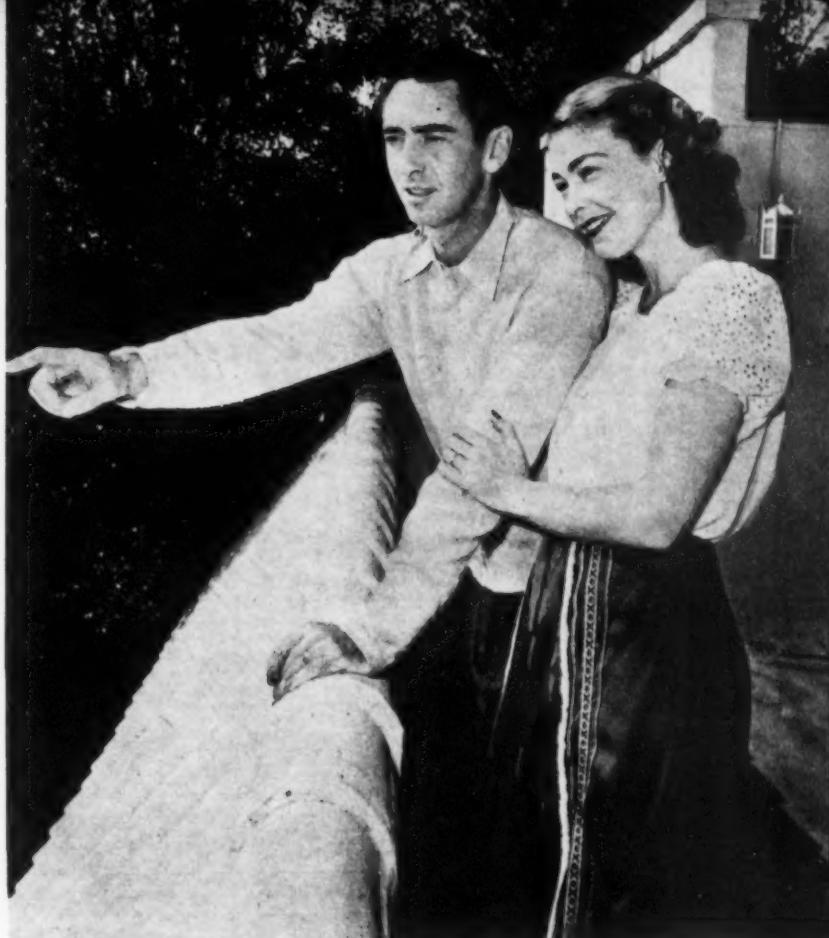
Carey is happy to be working again. He should be. His leading lady is Paulette Goddard and that is pleasant duty. In the picture, called "Suddenly It's Spring," he loses the luscious Paulette to Fred MacMurray. Do not feel sorry for Carey. At his salary even that is a pleasure. Besides, his broken heart is easily mended by his lovely blonde wife, Betty.

Sharpshooter Carey (292, but it was snowing that day at Parris Island) was one of the stars in the Paramount epic called "Wake Island." He played the part of a flier, a "Lieutenant Bruce Cameron" who destroyed a Jap cruiser 12 miles off Wake. Immediately thereafter his role in the picture ended. His plane was damaged in the attack; then he was chased back to Wake by three Jap fighters (Ryan SC low-wing monoplanes painted to resemble the Jap Nakijima 96) who further riddled the already crippled Grumman. "Lieut. Cameron," our hero, landed his plane safely, but when his crew rushed to congratulate him they found he was dead. (The actual sinking, on December 11, 1941, is credited to Major Henry T. Elrod and Captain Frank Cunningham.)

When Carey finished "Wake Island" in June of 1942, he tried to enlist in the Marine Corps. He was rejected as being color-blind, a family trait that didn't keep his younger brother out of the Navy. This annoyed Citizen Carey greatly. He is a stubborn Irishman, and on October 9 passed the Ishihara test and was sworn into the Corps. The doctor who had rejected him in June passed him in October, but only after a thorough test and full explanation. In four months Carey had corrected his color blindness by studying the Bates method under Margaret Corbett.



Carey, then a second lieutenant, poses with two native policemen in the Australian compound at Bougainville where his outfit spent four months



The housing shortage in Los Angeles was one of his problems when he returned to pictures, but his lovely wife found a home in Hollywood Hills



In 1942 Carey played the role of a flier, "Lieutenant Bruce Cameron," in "Wake Island," with Brian Donlevy. Four months after he finished the picture he enlisted in the Corps

So Carey took the oath and was told it would be two months before he would be called. Two months is time enough to complete a picture. This he did. He has been sorry ever since. In the film, entitled "Salute for Three," he played the part of an Army officer. Wherever Carey the Marine was later stationed they showed this picture of Carey the Army officer. The response on each occasion was appropriate.

In December, 1942, Carey reported to Parris Island. It was no better then than it is now. He survived and passed on to Quantico in February, 1943. The following June he was commissioned as a second lieutenant and assigned to the Orlando Fighter Command School for radar and fighter-director training. In short order he had duty at Cherry Point, Miramar and El Toro. Then came overseas orders.

Carey hobbled aboard a transport on 25 January 1944, with Air Warning Squadron 3. Hobbled is a literal statement, for he had broken a leg and was still on crutches. He had a bad time getting on deck in the black-out, but by the time his ship had reached the New Hebrides he had tossed the crutches into the Pacific. It seems important to say that Carey had demanded that the cast on his leg be removed so that he could sail with his outfit. But Carey does not think so. In fact, he asked that if this were mentioned could it also be pointed out that he had broken his leg outside the line of duty.

"I was stiff at the time," says Mr. Carey.

The first night ashore at Espiritu Santo was like old home week. For there he met Major Ted Wojcik, which was both pleasant and embarrassing. During the filming of "Wake Island," Major Wojcik had piloted the Grumman that Carey was supposed to be flying. In one scene, a close-up, the Grumman was to land and Carey was to climb out directly in front of the camera. So Wojcik was at the controls and Carey was riding the wing on the side away from the camera. When the plane stopped Wojcik slid low in the seat and Carey swung into the cockpit. In doing so he inadvertently stepped on Wojcik — just where is Wojcik's secret — and the major swore eternal revenge.

Carey and his outfit did a lot of waiting in the months that followed. They waited while Saipan was invaded. They waited through the next two invasions. After eight months they were sent to Bougainville, where they stayed for four months.

MACDONALD CAREY (cont.)



After radio soap operas and
the Broadway musical,
"Lady In The Dark," Paramount
offered him a contract



In "Suddenly It's Spring," Macdonald Carey's sixth motion picture, Arleen Whelan shares acting honors with Paulette Goddard, all of which makes Mr. Carey's assignment a very pleasant job



This may be the beginning of the end. The plot does double-cross the former Marine and he loses Paulette Goddard to Fred MacMurray



If all of Carey's roles include feminine company like this pretty girl friend in "Wake Island" how does he concentrate on his acting?

After that came two months on Mindoro. They finally caught one at Mindanao on 17 April 1945. There they remained until August 10, 1945, when the unit was transferred to Manus.

Manus has never been called a garden spot of the Pacific. It was called everything else in the weeks that followed. In Carey's outfit were high-point men — 180 of them — awaiting transportation home. Transportation was something that couldn't be found. Then, somewhat miraculously, the port director found transport space.

Carey reached the States on October 26 and three weeks later was discharged as a captain. He was not unhappy at the thought of returning to civilian life, but he found that civilian life could have its problems. The first of these was finding a job, which was fairly easy because he was under contract. The really big headache was finding a house, which is something that at least 100,000 others were, and still are, looking for in Los Angeles. His wife, an admirable girl, solved that problem by locating a home on North Kings Road in the Holly-

wood Hills just above the Sunset Strip. They moved in the same day and for two weeks lived there without furniture. This was no bother to Carey, who had just returned to the States after 22 months in the Pacific, but Mrs. Carey did not care too much for the packing box that served as their dining room table.

With the arrival of furniture there was only one thing left to bother actor Carey, who knows that actors are expendable. A fickle public can forget quite easily, especially when the public has four years in which to do that forgetting. Would the public remember him?

Carey's career began at the age of six and his role was that of Simple Simon. "And," he says, "you can make anything of that that you like!" He continued to act through high school and college, and eventually wound up in radio. He starred in several soap operas and for two years was the "First Nighter" in the program of the same name. Do not hold it against him, but he also was a fixture in a tear jerker called "John's Other Wife."

Carey's big break came in "Lady in the Dark," and his was a storybook success. Indeed, he was so afraid that the bubble would break that he kept on with his radio work. Then Paramount signed him and he headed for Hollywood, where he completed five pictures before enlisting in the Corps.

All this is now ancient history, says Carey, the realist. He is 34 years of age and feels that he is starting over again, having been out of pictures for four years. He was worried, but Paramount was not.

"Suddenly It's Spring," Carey's sixth motion picture, has been released and he can stop worrying because it is a swell show.

END

PAULETTE GODDARD

*She tries on a tommy coat
and suddenly it is spring*



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